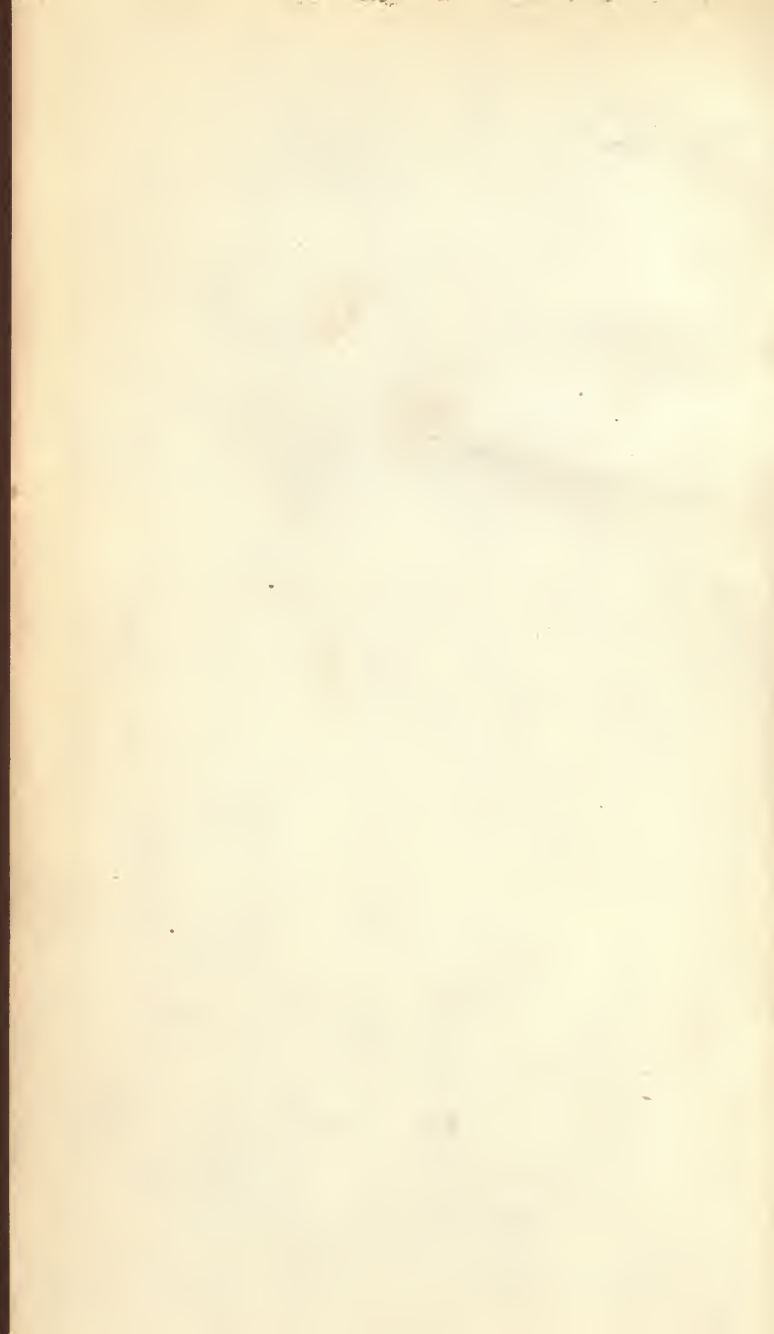






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AMERICAN WONDERLAND.

BY

RICHARD MEADE BACHE,

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG WRECKER OF THE FLORIDA REEF," ETC.



PHILADELPHIA:
CLAXTON, REMSEN, AND HAFELFINGER,
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P R E F A C E.



THE following Stories and Fables are drawn from the ample stores of material, at first the heritage of the red man of America, and now the property of the white man, who alone is capable of giving them literary form. They have many a time been told before by those who have made a study of the mental traits and productions of the aborigines. The changes from the originals have been made with a free hand, always with the view to affording interesting and appropriate reading for the young folks.



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THE HUNTER THAT KILLED THE KING OF THE RATTLESNAKES.



HERE once lived in a deep valley of the Alleghany Mountains an immense Rattlesnake. All the other Snakes called him Grandfather and King, and brought him whatever he wished for food, so that he never had to leave his home. He wore on his head a bright stone, which glittered like a star, and at night lighted the whole valley. This stone was a charm; for whenever a hunter happened to stray into the valley and see the gleaming jewel, it drew him nearer and nearer, until he came within reach of the old Snake, who at once ate him up. Just as, on summer evenings, a moth flies closer and closer to a candle, until it rushes into the flame and is burned to death, so was the hunter drawn by fate.

In this way the people who lived near there lost, one after another, their bravest warriors. They did not know what to do to get rid of such a terrible neighbor. Their priest told them that whoever could get possession of the stone which the King of the Rattlesnakes wore on his head, would destroy his power

and gain a talisman of wondrous virtue. But who could be found daring enough to attempt such a feat?

Now, the Chief of the people had a beautiful daughter, who was named Winona. Many young warriors came from her own and other tribes to pay their court to her, but she treated all of them so much alike, that no one could flatter himself that he was the favored lover. In her heart she cared for none of them, for she had loved from girlhood the young hunter Chepias. But her father disliked Chepias, because he was poor, and had forbidden him to come to the lodge, or to speak to Winona.

One day, the suitors, tired of waiting for Winona to make a choice, asked the old Chief, her father, to decide which of them he would select as his son-in-law. When the Chief saw so many young men, he thought it was a fine opportunity to get them to attack the King of the Rattlesnakes, and secure the charmed jewel the King wore on his head. Therefore he called all his people around him, and said:—

“These young visitors have come to ask for my daughter’s hand. It is time that the girl were married, but I will give her only to the bravest and most skilful of all her suitors. This is the test I propose: whoever shall bring me the shining jewel which the King of the Rattlesnakes wears on his head, shall have her for his wife. And if no one

can do that, they may all go home, and my daughter shall live and die an old maid."

When the suitors heard this, they were very much put out. Some of them said, "We are not going to be fools enough to be eaten up for the sake of this old man's daughter: there are plenty of other girls just as pretty as she is." So they went back home. Others said, "We'll wait, and see if the Chief don't change his mind, when he sees that no one brings him the stone." Others, again, concluded to attack the King of the Rattlesnakes. But when they learned that he lived in a deep, narrow dell, surrounded by hundreds of other Snakes, who bit every man that approached, and then brought him to their King to eat, they were frightened, and said no more about going. Some few, however, armed with bows and arrows, and clubs, went off to the mountains, swearing they would bring back the stone or die. As they never came back, people did not know whether the Snakes had eaten them, or whether they had only been boasting, and had quietly returned to their own villages, without even trying to find the monster.

Chepias also had heard the old Chief, and when, after a time, no one brought back the stone, he said to himself: "I, too, might as well try to get the jewel. If I should be killed by the Snakes, it will

be no great matter, and if I conquer, I shall be rich and happy all my life."

As he was a prudent young man, he determined to take every precaution to be sure of success. He remembered that in a cave in the woods, many miles distant, lived a Magician whom, on several occasions, he had furnished with game. Perhaps this adviser might help him.

The day after he had made up his mind, he started at daylight, and walked rapidly through the Forest. By night he reached his old friend, and told him his errand.

"I do not know that I can help you," replied the Magician, "but I will do my best. Here is a bag," he added, handing Chepias a small pouch made of bird-skin, "in which are the most powerful charms I have found during the seventy winters that have passed over my head. It contains a horn of the Horned Snake, a bone of the Lion that feeds on men, a pine cone soaked in dew from the laurel tree, and a piece of the vine that never bears grapes. Do not use them until your own powers fail. They are potent spells, and when you wish their aid, take them from the bag, lay them on the ground, and repeat these words:—

‘O Maiden in Green,
Ever near, tho’ unseen,

Seven men every year,
Who venture in here,
The Rattlesnakes eat :
Save me from their fate,
For my danger is great,
And my life, it is sweet.'

"Then a maiden with long green robes and bright green hair will appear. It is she who every Spring walks through the fields and woods, and paints the leaves and grass, so green and pleasant to the eye. Perhaps she can tell you how to conquer the King of the Rattlesnakes. At least she is the most powerful Spirit I can summon."

Although it left him so uncertain of success, Chepias, thanking the Magician for his gift, started for the mountains. As he journeyed along day after day, the Forest gradually grew thinner and thinner. Scrubby pines and patches of naked rocks took the place of the nut-trees and shady laurels he was used to see. The birds no longer built their nests in the branches, and there were no squirrels to chatter at him from the tree-tops. Mountains with brown bare slopes rose before him, and he soon recognized the two summits between which was the deep valley where dwelt the King of the Rattlesnakes.

About noon, one day, he reached its entrance. It was steep and narrow, and on each side rose high

walls of rocks. On all the stones he saw huge Rattlesnakes, with fangs an inch long, basking in the sunshine. He could hear them rattle and hiss as they moved about, waiting for some unfortunate victim to come that way. Luckily they did not notice Chepias, and he quickly hid himself in a clump of bushes, to think what had best be done. It was clear that it would be certain death for him to go on, unless he should have some protection against the poisonous teeth of the Snakes. He concluded, therefore, that this was the proper time to use the charms which had been given him by the old Magician. He took from the bird-skin bag the four charms, and laying them on the ground, repeated the verse:—

“ O Maiden in Green,
Ever near, tho’ unseen,
Seven men every year,
Who venture in here,
The Rattlesnakes eat:
Save me from their fate,
For my danger is great,
And my life, it is sweet.”

As soon as he had said this, the leaves of a thick green bush near him folded themselves together, and changed into the form of a beautiful Maiden with long green hair and flowing green robes, which

fell drooping around her, like the leaves on a stalk of corn. She looked at Chepias kindly, and said:—

“Warrior who boldly dares,
Lover who sadly fares,
What would you of me,
The Maid of the Tree?”

“Tell me,” cried Chepias, “how I can snatch the jewel from the head of the Snake-King, and win Winona for my bride?”

“There is but one way,” said the Fairy, “and I tell it you, not because your spell obliges me, but because you are brave and love her truly. Here are a pair of moccasins, and a suit made of the skin of a snow-white deer. They are charmed, and no snake can bite through or even scratch them with his poisonous fangs. Take them, and at dawn to-morrow put them on and walk boldly up the valley.”

Chepias stooped to pick up the magic garments, and when he rose the Maiden had disappeared. He could see nothing where she had been, but the bush with thick green leaves.

The next morning he dressed himself in the suit, flung his bow and arrows over his shoulder, and taking his club in his hand, boldly marched up the valley. The Snakes shook their rattles as they saw him coming, and said one to another: “Ho! here is a nice young man for our Grandfather to eat for

breakfast!" When he came near them, they struck at him with their poisoned teeth, expecting to see him fall down and die; but what was their rage and astonishment to find that they could no more pierce his leggings than they could pierce the hard rock! They snapped and hissed and rattled and bit, but it was of no use: Chepias marched straight up the valley, swinging his club among them, and not stopping to count how many he killed.

He had not gone far before he found the valley widen and enclose a beautiful meadow, through which ran a purling brook. Close by the brook was lying a Rattlesnake as long and as thick as the trunk of a tree. On its head was a stone about the size of a hawk's egg, which glistened and glowed like a coal of fire on a dark night. As Chepias looked at it he felt strangely drawn towards it, just as he supposed the little birds feel when they are charmed by the glittering eye of the Rattlesnake. He knew that this huge Serpent must be the one that the Snakes called their Grandfather, and felt that now had come the time to conquer or die. He noticed that the King, though large, was feeble, and, in fact, could hardly move his long body, for age. Upon observing this, he grasped his club tightly, and running alongside of the Snake, from its tail to its head, came within reach of the stone, and hit-

ting it a blow, knocked it quite over to the other side of the brook. Then he jumped across, picked up the stone, and ran down the valley before the old Snake could recover from his surprise.

Chepias had no difficulty in getting away, for when the stone was lost, the magic power of the King of the Snakes went with it, and he soon died. Chepias returned in triumph to his village. He there found that his friends had supposed him dead, for it had taken him all summer to make the journey. The Maiden in Green had, however, whispered to Winona that he was living, and still true to her, so she was the only one not surprised.


The old Chief was delighted now to have Chepias for a son-in-law, for the magic stone made its possessor rich and powerful. Therefore Chepias and Winona were soon married, and lived to be ever so old, and had plenty of children. When they died, the stone could not be found, and it was rumored that the Maiden in Green came and took it away with her. The people determined to find her and persuade her to give it back to them, and went into the woods in search of her. That is the reason why they have never since been seen in street or field. They went forth to hunt the Green Fairy, in the leafy Forest, and on the broad grassy Prairie, and

as they are still there, I do not suppose they have found her.*

* The preceding, and one other Story, were written by DR. DANIEL G. BRINTON, the author of "The Myths of the New World," who, after having entered into collaboration for the production of this book of Stories founded on American Myths, was for want of leisure unable to execute his portion of the work, but who engages to make ample amends in a future edition.



IOLA AND THE KING OF THE BUFFALOES.

GODAGAUDA was a little cripple. The worst of it was that the halt in his gait gave a funny twitch to his head, every time that he made a step, so the poor fellow was not only lame, but looked very ridiculous. For all that, Agodagauda did not care a snap of his fingers, as long as he was pleasing to his beautiful daughter, Iola; for, strange as it may seem, the impish-looking little man had a beautiful daughter, and she thought her father the handsomest man in the world. That was because she loved him very dearly. Love, you will know one of these days, if you do not know now, is what makes other things beautiful, and is itself the most beautiful thing in the world.

As Agodagauda and his daughter lived alone in a desolate place, it made no great matter that he was so ridiculous; for he did not, of course, look ridiculous to himself, and to his daughter, as I said, he was the handsomest man in the world. It made no great matter, and that is the truth, and for the reason I mentioned, that they lived alone; but they had just a speck of discomfort in life, for, would you believe it, so ridiculous was Agodagauda, that even

the Buffaloes, the great clumsy beasts, used to jeer at him, and, led by their King, keep prowling around the house to carry off from the despised cripple his beautiful daughter.

Agodagauda, the little cripple with the beautiful daughter, had thought that she would not be safe in an ordinary lodge, such as other people lived in, so he had built a good strong house of logs, and there he felt as safe as if he had been in a castle. Every morning, regularly, when he went out a-fishing or a-hunting, he used to say to his daughter: "Dearest daughter, I go to provide food for us both, nothing less could tempt me to leave you, but oh! have a care, if not for yourself, for me, and trust not your foot outside the lodge till my coming." One morning he, as usual, thus cautioned his daughter, then shouldered his fishing-rod, and started off to go to a distant trout-brook.

Agodagauda had hardly got out of sight when Iola thought to herself, girl-like, "It is very hard to be always kept indoors, for fear of an evil that is never likely to come. Now is the spring-time, I hear the birds singing, and everything looks bright. It is hard to stay here all day, every day, till my father comes home. I should like dearly to go out. But perhaps my father would be angry if I go, and I love him, oh, ever so much, ever so much!"

"Dear me!" said she suddenly, "why did I not think of it before? I can get on the roof of the house, and there I shall be perfectly safe, and there I can sit and comb my hair, and listen to the birds, and watch the trees waving, and the shadows falling, until my father's return."

Iola clambered up on the roof, and fixed herself comfortably, and let down her long hair, which tumbled in a golden cascade over the eaves of the house, 'way down to the ground. There she sat, like a beautiful statue, her little hands hovering like doves over the golden stream glistening in the sunbeams and rippling in the wind. Now and then her sweet face rose above the surface, to discover if danger were near, and then sank again. All of a sudden, as she was at the height of her satisfaction in her pastime and her fancied security, she heard a terrific bellow, and hastily tossing aside her hair, saw the King of the Buffaloes, at the head of his herd, charging full tilt at the house. She was so terrified that she had no power to move, and, in an instant, she heard a crash, and fell fairly between the horns of the King, who bore her away at a breathless pace, her hair streaming wildly in the wind. Poor Iola was in such mortal terror at first, that she could but cling with all her might and main to the horns of the beast, and gaze around at the herd of Buffaloes that

surrounded her, the very ground quaking beneath their tread. They sped over the plains, mounted the steeps, and swam the rivers—to Iola a countless herd that stretched away as far as the eye could reach. Little by little did she collect her scattered senses, and perceive that they were approaching a mighty river, on the opposite bank of which was the Forest. They soon reached the nearer bank, and plunging into the river, swam it, and entered the Forest. There they began to move along more and more slowly, for they then felt safe, as they were in the Land of the Buffaloes. By this time Iola, who by nature was a brave girl, had regained her courage, and was saying to herself: “If I do not mark the trail, I shall certainly be lost. Over the plains, the hills, and even the rivers, my father may be able to follow me, but how can he find the trail over the deep bed of leaves in the Forest? It is night, and now that we are walking along, I can mark the trail, so that my father can find it.” So Iola every time that her flowing hair caught in a twig, broke off the twig and threw it on the ground, and, in that way, marked the trail of the King of the Buffaloes.

After penetrating the Forest several miles, the King reached his lodge, dismissed his followers, and deposited his fair burden gently on the ground. He then conducted her to a lodge which he informed

her would be her resting-place for the night,—and who could tell how much longer!—for he hoped that when he presented himself before her in his human form, and she knew him better, she would love him. Poor Iola retired with a very heavy heart, and trying to keep up her courage by thinking of the twigs scattered through the Forest. But she soon found that she could not sleep, and as she tossed restlessly to and fro, she heard the notes of a flute, and soon knew that it was a serenade from the King of the Buffaloes, who, in his human form, in which he expected to appear so engaging on the morrow, was seated outside the lodge, dolefully piping a prelude on his flute:—

“Tee ou ree too,
Tee ou ree too,
Tee ou roo roo,
Tee ou roo roo.”

The King of the Buffaloes then heaved a deep sigh, and sang one or two verses. Now, if there is anything ridiculous in the world, it is the idea of a Buffalo's playing the flute and singing a love-ditty, and sighing; and as Iola had never seen her lover in his human form, she fancied the King as she had seen him, and if she had only felt a little safer, could have laughed right heartily. As it was she

did not laugh, but kept thinking of the twigs in the Forest.

The King of the Buffaloes, after playing a few more bars of music on the flute, croaked another verse or two, and broke down, ending with a piteous sigh like a groan, and then went back to the flute,—

“Tee ou ree too,
Tee ou ree too,
Tee ou roo roo,
Tee ou roo roo.”

Iola almost caught herself in a little titter, and she began to feel her courage rise. For, she thought to herself, “If the King of the Buffaloes is in this soft condition, he is not to be much feared at present.” Then, as the serenade ceased, she became grave again, and thought again of the twigs strewn all through the Forest, and of her dear father, who, long before that time, must know that his Iola was lost.

The next morning, early, the King of the Buffaloes appeared in his human form at the door of Iola’s lodge. But his face was so shaggy, he was such a brutish-looking man, that Iola would have much preferred him in the form of a beast, as one cannot help thinking of some people that are to be seen in the world. Iola concealed her repugnance, and restrained herself so far as to appear to receive with

indifference the advances of the King, who, on his part, did everything possible to please his lady-love. He conducted her to the women's lodges, and gave orders that she should be served with whatever might gratify every caprice. He himself, resuming his buffalo shape, went out hunting, so as to procure some dainty that might please her palate, thus, in every way that he could think of, trying to make himself agreeable.

But it is high time now that we should go back to poor Agodagauda, and see what became of him after leaving his lodge to go to the brook. He had hardly threaded the fly on his hook, and begun to sweep the water, before he heard the voice of one of his old tormentors singing at him in a jangling verse:—

“You limping old manikin,
Don't you think it a sin,
To pen up your daughter,
Say, Agodagauda ?
To pen up your daughter !
Do you think she is in ?
Do you think she is in ?”

Agodagauda turned and looked about him, but he could not see a living thing. Just back of him, as he had been standing, was a thicket impenetrable to the sight. He felt sure that one of his old enemies, the Buffaloes, had stationed himself there to

torment him. As he had left his bow and arrows at home, he picked up a stone and threw it into the edge of the thicket, at the place whence the voice had seemed to come. He thought that he heard a rustling, and then all was again still. He determined not to give the Buffalo the satisfaction of thinking that he minded him in the least, so he turned towards the brook, and began trolling his line to tempt a trout to rise at the fly. Hardly had he turned, however, before the same voice began to sing again in a jeering tone:—

“ You limping old manikin,
Don't you think it a sin,
To pen up your daughter,
Say, Agodagauda ?
To pen up your daughter !
Do you think she is in ?
Are you *sure* she is in ? ”

Gradually Agodagauda ceased walking to and fro, playing the fly over the surface of the brook, and gradually his hand stopped, and he fell into a musing fit, and did not see fly, nor brook, nor anything else. Just then a trout darted at the fly, seized it, and bore away in triumph both it and the line. Agodagauda, without so much as a glance at the brook, threw his fishing-rod over his shoulder, and turned his steps homeward, repeating to himself in a

low tone, "are you *sure* she is in." A crash and a rush were heard in the thicket, as if some great animal were breaking a passage through in retreating, as Agodagauda strode quickly towards home. He reached it, and saw at a glance what had happened. You would have thought, had you seen him take hold of the fallen logs and toss them aside, that Agodagauda was looking for his daughter under the ruins, or else had gone mad. But Agodagauda was not looking for his daughter, and he knew very well what he was about. After he had thrown a great many of the logs aside, he crawled under the ruins, and crawled out again, holding his magic pouch between his teeth. He put his hand into the pouch and drew forth a pair of old moccasins, such a poor looking pair of old moccasins, you would not have picked them up in the street. But Agodagauda knew that they were worth more than the most handsomely embroidered moccasins that ever were seen. A friend of his, a great Magician, had given them to him, on condition that they were not to be used except in the direst need of his life. The moccasins were Goblins that could leap a hundred yards at a stride. Agodagauda soon had them laced, and away they went with him, over hill and dale, each Goblin trying to outleap the other. It was easy enough, as Iola had thought, to keep the trail over

the plains, and the hills, and even the little rivers, over which the Goblins bounded as if whisked through the air; but at last Agodagauda, with his two zealous friends, reached the bank of the mighty river which bounded the Land of the King of the Buffaloes. The river was at least a mile wide, and the Goblins could not leap it, and Agodagauda could not swim it, as, since the herd of Buffaloes had passed, a skim of ice had formed on the water. So, Agodagauda had to wait on the bank that night and the next day, until the ice became stronger, all the while tormenting himself by thinking how he should ever be able to find the trail in the great black Forest beyond.

As soon as the ice was strong enough, Agodagauda crossed the river, and stopping at the edge of the Forest, took off his moccasins, for, so dense was the growth, he would otherwise have been dashed to pieces by the first leap of one of his Goblin friends. It was night, but Agodagauda easily found the place on the bank, where the whole herd of Buffaloes had scrambled out of the water, and he followed the trail to the edge of the Forest; but as soon as it entered, it was lost in the thick bed of leaves. Then Agodagauda wandered about to the right and to the left, seeking the lost trail, and almost despairing, when he caught sight of a gleam on the

ground, like a glow-worm's, and going in that direction, picked up a twig to which was fastened some of the shining hair of his daughter. Agodagauda gave a cry of delight, and the Goblin moccasins leaped joyfully in his pockets. He went on through the Forest, following the trail from one golden gleam to another, until at last he got to the village of the King of the Buffaloes. He advanced stealthily from lodge to lodge, darting across from the shadow of one to the shadow of another, till he found himself at the lodge of the King. Here he saw his woebe-gone daughter seated in the presence of her lover, who was in his human form. Agodagauda crept forward so that the light from the door should fall on him, and so that only his daughter could see him. She started, but said quickly to the King, by way of accounting for her movement, "I will go and draw some water." She rose and left the lodge, joined her father, and, hand in hand, they fled into the Forest.

Iola's saying to the King of the Buffaloes, that she would go get some water, had a peculiar meaning. It was in token of submission to his will, that she offered to perform a household duty. So, the King of the Buffaloes hugged himself with joy, and Iola had been gone a long time before he roused himself enough to think that she had not returned.

When, after waiting with a very bad grace some time longer, he found that still she did not return, he began to stride up and down impatiently, and then to fume about the lodge, and at last he sallied hastily forth to seek his mistress. But Iola was nowhere to be seen. The King instantly flew into a rage, and shouted to his followers the alarm. Obedient to his summons, they rushed from their lodges, and ranged themselves about him in his form of leader of the herd. They started off with a bellow that made the Forest thrill, and poured in a horned avalanche down towards the river.

But, by that time, Agodagauda had got across, and with his daughter clinging to him, the Goblins were leaping along with him, a hundred yards at a stride. The Buffaloes crossed the river, scrambled up the bank, and redoubled their speed. The race was on the plain, and now the contestants were in full sight of each other, Agodagauda leaping along a hundred yards at a stride, and the herd in a compact mass, headed by their King, pressing hard in the rear. But Agodagauda had, without his knowing it, other aid near, besides the Goblins. As the herd reached a clump of trees about midway in the plain, a great band of hunters, lying in ambush, sent a shower of arrows among them, and stretched many out on the ground. The rest halted, wheeled, and,

headed by their King, retreated pell-mell to the Forest. There, some were content to remain, but not the King. So enraged and mortified was he at his defeat, the loss of Iola, and the death of so many of his followers, that, accompanied by the greater part of the herd, he did not even halt, but kept straight on foaming towards the far West, whence he has never to this day returned.



THE HAWK AND THE TORTOISE.



THE Hawk once bantered the Tortoise to race with him. The Tortoise declined to race, except for a very long distance—half-way around the world. The Hawk, of course, agreed to the distance, thinking that, with his speed, it would be an easy matter to beat the Tortoise, were the distance long or short. The Tortoise, however, did not count on his speed, but on his knowledge, his diligence, and, above all, on the excessive confidence of his opponent.

They started exactly together. The Hawk, feeling that he had everything his own way, flapped idly along, hither and thither, while the Tortoise, on the contrary, after glancing ahead, and perceiving his opponent almost out of sight, quietly slipped into a hole, and making the best of his speed through the centre of the earth, came out on the other side, just in time to see the Hawk as far short of the goal as he had been seen beyond the starting-point.

THE GOOD MOTHER.



YOUNG girl once lived all by herself in the Forest, until it chanced that, when she least expected it, she got a husband.

For a long while she did not know who was courting her. Every morning regularly, on rising, she found at the door of her lodge a present of the choicest venison, such as no one but a skilful hunter could always procure. At last she determined to watch, and see what sort of a looking man her lover was, who, of course, had often managed to see her. At daylight, the very next morning, she peeped through a crack in her lodge, and saw, as she thought, the handsomest young man that could be in the world, come and hang up near her door a haunch of venison, and then, whistling softly to his dog, slip quietly away into the Forest.

The young girl fell in love at first sight, and passed the whole day in a waking dream about her handsome lover, provoked with herself for not having long before taken the trouble to find out who he was. By the time that the shades of evening fell, she had made up her mind that she would no longer keep him in suspense, but, on the next day, would

appear before him ere he could retrace his steps into the Forest. She felt that it would look bold in her to throw open her door and appear on the threshold, so she concluded to go a little way off from the lodge, and meet him as if by accident.

At day-dawn, the next morning, she stood shrinking behind a big tree, as he advanced to her lodge and hung up the usual present. He quickly reëntered the Forest, and might have gone away without seeing the girl, had it not been for a real accident. Just at the moment when she had intended to appear before him, her courage gave way, and feeling quite faint, to keep herself from falling she grasped at a low bough of the tree behind which she was hiding. She missed her aim, and fell to the ground, insensible. When she came to herself, what should she see but her handsome lover kneeling beside her, bathing her temples, and speaking to her in the tenderest accents.

Soon the young people married, and from that time forward, the hunter came with his trusty dog, and lived in the lodge which had formerly belonged to his wife.

The hunter was almost as handsome as she thought him, so you may imagine him to be a very handsome young man, straight as an arrow, and fleet as a deer. As for the dog, who in the story will turn out

a much more important character than his master, he was a clumsy pup, with paws so big that he was always stumbling over them, and eyes that looked like black diamonds twinkling under his shaggy hair. He was very fond of his master, and of his master's wife, but he never was so fond of anyone as he was of a little son that was born to them in due course of time. While his master was out hunting, and his mistress was away getting fuel, Unnemoosh would lie fast asleep by the baby in the cradle, then sometimes getting up on his haunches, to take a look at it, as though it had been his own flesh and blood, would blink away at it until he let himself plump on the floor, and again fall fast asleep. At last the hunter and his wife began to call the dog the baby's foster-brother.

All went well with the young married couple, the baby, and the dog, until one morning, when there stopped at the door of the lodge a horribly ugly old woman, with such a broad face and puffy bent body, with such long skinny arms and feet, that she looked like a great squat toad. Unluckily, as it turned out, the hunter was away from home. His wife, although very much frightened, gave the old woman a seat, set before her the best viands in the lodge, and answered with the best grace she could summon, all her questions. At length the old woman,

after having eaten her fill, went grumbling away, and the dog, who had growled at her all through her visit, growled after her to the door, and until she had got out of sight.

When the old woman had been gone for at least an hour, and the hunter's wife had pretty nearly got over her fright, she suddenly bethought her that she must go to the woods for fuel, so she said to Unnemoosh, pointing to the door, and making a face, "Watch the baby, that's a good dog; and if the old woman comes back, bark for me, and bite her as fast as ever you can till I come." Unnemoosh wagged his tail, looked wise, as though he had understood every word, and was left sitting up on his haunches, watching the baby in the cradle.

The hunter's wife had hardly got out of sight, when who should appear at the door of the lodge but the very same ugly old woman. She rushed at the cradle, and caught it up under her left arm, and would have carried it off in a trice, with the baby in it, had it not been for the dog, who seized one side, and held on growling and tugging with all his might and main to get it away. The dog and the old woman tugged and tugged, and pulled each other all over the lodge, and the dog could not find a moment's time to bark. At last the piece of the cradle which the dog held in his mouth broke off, and the old

woman snatched the cradle away, and holding it up high in the air over her head, darted out of the lodge, with the dog at her heels, barking as loud as he could to call his mistress. But his mistress reached the lodge only in time to see in the distance, on top of the farthest hill, the old woman striding along at an astonishing rate, with the dog still scampering after her, and worrying her heels at every step that she took, and then she fell to the ground in a swoon.

The hunter returned home at nightfall, and his wife told him all that had happened—how the old woman had appeared and gone, and then returned and managed to carry off the child, although the dog had fought bravely, as proved by the piece bitten out of the cradle, and what she had seen as he chased the old woman over the hills. She told her husband that she thought the first thing to be done was to consult a friendly old Wise Woman whom they knew. The husband agreeing that that would be the best course, the wife set out the next morning to the lodge of the Wise Woman, about three days' journey off. In a week she returned and gave her husband an account of her visit. The Wise Woman had said that the old woman was the Witch, Mukakee Minedemoa, who had spent all her life in child-stealing, just for the sake of wickedness; and that to get the baby back, its mother would have

to go to the End of the Earth. "You must journey ever so far," said the Wise Woman, "till you come near the End of the Earth, to the Land of the Nokoes, the kindly old Grandmothers, and then if you are worthy, three of them, who are Fairies, will aid you." "And," said the husband, "will you go? will you journey to the End of the Earth?" "Oh, willingly," exclaimed his wife; "a good mother will always go to the End of the Earth for the sake of her child! Stay here and keep the lodge from being robbed or destroyed, and I will go to-morrow."

The next day the young wife, after bidding her husband an affectionate farewell, started on her journey. It turned out to be much longer than she had expected, but she was not discouraged. She travelled for days and weeks and months and years, before she reached the Land of the kindly old Nokoes, near the End of the Earth. Sometimes she met good people, and sometimes bad, and sometimes people who were neither one nor the other, but all sorts of shades between. She found that the world is mostly made up of these, and also that, take it all in all, there is rather more good than evil in it. So, gaining wisdom every day, she got steadily on, having to bear a good deal, but, feeling that she became all the better for it, and enjoying a little, and feeling that for that she ought to be thankful, if she should

succeed in the main object of her life. At last, after fifteen years of hard travel, she learned that she was approaching the Land of the kindly old Nokoes, and was pretty near the End of the Earth. She went on all the faster, and soon arrived in that country, which is an awfully barren place, covered with hillocks of sand, on which grow a few stunted pines. Occasionally she saw at a distance, to the right or to the left, the lodge of an old Noko, but as in going there, she would have lost time, she did not swerve from her path, but kept straight on. After she had gone one day's journey through the Land of the Nokoes, she saw on the next morning, in the distance, right on her way, a lodge perched on the top of a glistening sand-hill, and as she drew near, was astonished at seeing a tall old Noko, gaunt and withered with age, whizzing around with her staff in her hand, trying to beat off a hawk that was pouncing upon her. She ran up quickly and soon rescued the old woman, who turned towards her and said: "Honey, I am Noko Kemotch; I know who you are—you need not tell me. One who is a good mother, and is kind and respectful to those who dwell near the End of the Earth, deserves help, and I will do what I can for her. Take these moccasins; they will carry you faster than you can walk, to the lodge of Noko Wagokeek. There set them down,

pointing their toes homeward, and they will return of themselves."

The Good Mother thanked Noko Kemotch very much, and putting on the moccasins, was about to start again on her journey, when Noko Kemotch said, "If Mukakee Minedemoa ever presses you hard, and you cannot escape, cry out, 'May the snakeberry vines spring up and trip her!'"

The moccasins whisked away with the Good Mother, and stopped with her at the lodge of Noko Wagokeek, who was even more aged and infirm than Noko Kemotch. As she advanced, she saw Noko Wagokeek with her back turned towards her, hobbling after her chickens, to drive them into a coop, but the old Noko turned slowly around and said, "There is no use of your telling me who you are, honey; I know all about you. A good mother, and one who is kind and respectful to those who dwell near the End of the Earth, deserves help, and I will do what I can for her. Here is a pair of moccasins that will take you to the lodge of Noko Nelokon. When you get there return them as you did Noko Kemotch's. Noko Nelokon will tell you what you must do—and one word more, if Mukakee Minedemoa ever presses you hard, say, 'May it rain as if the bottom of the sky had tumbled out!'"

The Good Mother thanked Noko Wagokeek, just

as kindly as she had thanked Noko Kemotch, and putting on the moccasins, they whisked away with her to the lodge of Noko Nelokon, who being much nearer the End of the Earth than either of the other Nokoes, was still more aged and infirm, being bent almost double with age, and unable to speak above a whisper. Her visitor found her hobbling up and down before the door of the lodge, enjoying the sunshine. The old Noko, beckoning her to come near, drew her head down, and whispered in her ear: "I too, will do what I can for a good mother, and one who is kind and respectful to those who dwell near the End of the Earth. I could lend you just such a pair of moccasins as those of which I see you turning the toes towards Noko Wagokeek's lodge, but you have no need of them; Mukakee Minedemoa lives just beyond here, for bad as she is, she is nearer than I to the End of the Earth. Now listen to me, honey. You must put up a lodge near hers; your dog will find you out, and all will happen for the best. Farewell, and remember, if ever you are hard pressed by Mukakee Minedemoa, to throw a flint and a steel behind you, and say, 'May the flint and the steel keep her forever!'"

The Good Mother thanked Noko Nelokon just as kindly as she had thanked Noko Kemotch and Noko Wagokeek, and went her way. She advanced cau-

tiously, and had not gone above half a day's journey, when she came in sight of Mukakee Mine-demoa's lodge. After peeping through the trees, and making certain by seeing Mukakee herself come to the door, she went back a quarter of a mile into the woods, and built a lodge of cedar boughs for a shelter while she was obliged to stay in that country. She had not long to wait, for the very next day, as she was peeping through the boughs that formed her lodge, who should pass by but her son hunting, and by his side, the faithful Unnemoosh, now somewhat clumsy with age, as he had formerly been clumsy with youth. The Good Mother's heart leaped to her mouth as she recognized her boy by his likeness to his father. Running outside of her lodge, she suddenly appeared before him. But he merely glanced at her, and was passing his way, when the dog coming up, snuffed once or twice at her dress, and then bounded joyfully around her, sometimes placing his paws on her breast and licking her face. The lad halted in surprise, and said, "My good woman, how have you bewitched my dog, who never before cared for any one but me?" "You are mistaken," replied the Good Mother, all in a tremble; "he knew me and loved me before you were born. See here," she continued, putting her hand in her bosom and drawing forth a beautiful piece of wampum, all blue

and white (the piece of cradle which she had always treasured), "do you know this? I see you do not; yet it is a bit of the cradle in which you lay, until you were stolen by the wicked Mukakee Minedemoa, in spite of that faithful dog, the marks of whose teeth you can see to this day on the wampum. I, my poor boy," added the good mother, advancing to embrace him, "am your mother."

"My good woman," answered the lad, shrinking from her, "do you expect me to believe such a story, just because my dog has taken a fancy to you, and you show me a pretty piece of wampum with a few marks on it that might have been made by a dog's teeth or by a thousand other things? My mother is Mukakee Minedemoa, and I was born and have always lived here."

"Well," said the lad's mother, sadly, "you will have to believe it, and I must be content to wait till you do. Go home to the lodge of Mukakee Minedemoa, and pretend to be sick, and when she asks you what she can do for you, say, 'Give me a sight of the cradle in which I was swung when a baby.'" "I will," promptly replied the lad, and with that he strode off through the woods, followed by the dog barking and yelping joyously.

As the lad neared home he slackened his pace, and came walking up very slowly to the door of the

lodge. Entering, he threw himself down on his bed and complained of feeling sick. At first, Mukakee Minedemoa did not heed him, not thinking that much ailed him; but when evening came and he had not yet got up, she began to be alarmed, and asked him what was the matter. But he replied, "Mother, why am I so different from the rest of your children?" Thinking that he was feverish and flighty, Mukakee Minedemoa replied, as though to humor him: "There was a bright blue sky the day you were born, and that is the reason why you are so fair—but, I say, what ails you? what can I do for you?" "O mother," replied the lad, "I feel as if it would do me good to see the cradle in which I was swung when a baby." Mukakee, thinking that this was a sick person's whim, went off and brought the cedar cradle of one of her children. But the lad said: "I feel sure that that is not it." Then Mukakee fetched the cedar cradle of another of her children. But the lad said again: "I feel sure that that is not it." So, in turn, Mukakee showed him the cedar cradles of her four ugly children, just like herself; but still the lad said, every time, "I feel sure that that is not it." At length Mukakee brought him the beautiful wampum cradle, and he saw at a glance that the piece of blue and white wampum which the woman in the woods had shown him was

exactly like that in the cradle, and would fit exactly in a break on one end of it. So he said to himself, "Sure, this is it," and then aloud, as if he were drowsy, and did not wish to be disturbed, "Oh, yes! I guess that is it; it is prettier than the others."

The next day the lad sallied forth, as if to hunt; but instead of hunting, he hastened to the cedar-bough lodge of his real mother, and threw himself into her arms, and stayed there a long time, caressing and consoling her. At last he told her that he must be going, or else Mukakee might find them out; and that, before returning home, he would shoot a fat buck, of which he would try to bring her some of the meat. Before night he had shot a fat buck, which he as usual laid down at the door of Mukakee's lodge. On this occasion he said, "Mother, there is a poor woman in our neighborhood, living all alone in a lodge of cedar boughs, and I should like to give her some of this meat." "No, indeed," replied Mukakee, sharply, "the nasty old widow! I have heard of her—sneaking about for a husband: I suppose she would like to catch you." So, instead of allowing the lad to carry some of the venison to his mother's lodge, Mukakee waited until the night was quite dark, and then, taking a lot of tainted meat, stole up to the lodge, and flung it in at the door.

The lad and his mother now saw very plainly that if they hoped to escape, Mukakee Minedemoa must be got out of the way for some time. So the lad went out hunting to a distant part of the country, where, having shot a very large and fat bear in the top of a pine tree, he skinned it just where it stuck, and then trimming off the branches of the tree, so that it could be seen for miles all round about, he cut out its tongue as a trophy, and, returning home, told Mukakee that he had killed so big a bear that he could not bring it home. "I will go fetch it," said Mukakee. That was just what the lad wanted, but to make sure that she would go, he said, "Oh, it is very far off, too far for you to fetch it." "I should like to see the place," replied Mukakee, "that would be too far for me to go get a thing I want." Off she started after the bear, and she was hardly out of sight before the good mother and her son, and his foster-brother, the dog, all ran away as fast as ever their legs could carry them.

Mukakee Minedemoa, after a long journey, reached the pine tree, and began to climb it to get the bear. But the Sun, which had been very hot while Mukakee was on her journey, had caused the bear-grease to trickle down the tree, until it was as slippery as ice, and at first Mukakee could scarcely climb above the ground. After a while, when she had worn off

some of the grease, she managed to get up higher. Sometimes she would climb half way up, and sometimes nearly to the top, and then come sliding all the way down to the bottom. It was not until all the grease had soaked into her clothes, or run off the tree into the ground, that she was able to get the bear, and it was so heavy that it took her several days to lug it home.

Meanwhile, all this time, the Good Mother and her son and the dog had had a long start of the old Toadwoman, who no sooner reached home and learned how she had been tricked than she flew into a rage, and taking her four children with her, started in pursuit of the party. They had gone as fast as they could towards home, the mother and her son in advance, and the dog as a guard in the rear. On the evening of the fifteenth day, the dog came panting up to the mother and her son, and made signs to them that the old Toadwoman was coming. So, instead of resting that night, they hurried on, and by morning felt that they were pretty safe. But, at sunrise, the dog joined them again, and made signs that the old Toadwoman was catching up to them. And sure enough, he had hardly done so, when they caught sight of her, followed by her four ugly children, coming over the top of a distant hill.

"Oh, heavens!" cried the poor mother, ready to

drop with fear, "what shall I do?" "Use one of the charms the Nokoes gave you," said her son. "Sure enough," said his mother, "I forgot—may the snakeberry vines spring up and trip her!" No sooner had she spoken these words than the whole country behind her was covered with scarlet vines. The fugitives could see the old Toadwoman and her children tripping and stumbling and tumbling over the vines, until at last the children, getting cross, would not stir a step farther, but remained where they had last fallen, picking and eating snakeberries. The old Toadwoman herself, after trying in vain to whip them along, began to pick and eat the berries, of which she was excessively fond. The three fugitives, taking advantage of this, got over a great many miles, and were rejoicing at their escape, when up came the dog, making signs that the old Toadwoman and her children were fast gaining ground.

Now, between the place where the Good Mother and her son stood, and the hill over which the old Toadwoman and her children were coming, was a pretty wide stream, which had run so dry as to show in places its rocky bed. The Good Mother, casting a glance at it, suddenly exclaimed, "May it rain as if the bottom of the sky had tumbled out!" The rain poured, and in five minutes the little stream had become a torrent: the old Toadwoman and her child-

ren rushed up to the brink, but could not get across. Meanwhile the fugitives had taken another start, and were many miles farther on their journey, and beginning to feel quite safe again, when up came the dog for the fourth time, and showed by signs that the old Toadwoman had got across the stream and was nearer than ever. Soon they caught sight of her and her children, and hurried along as fast as they could. But it was of no use; the old Toadwoman and her children were fast catching up to them. "Hand me your flint and steel," said the Good Mother to her son, and casting them from her, down the hill on which she was standing, the foot of which the old Toadwoman and her children had just reached, she cried: "May the flint and the steel keep her forever!" The steel spread into a mirror, all over the side of the hill, and the flint rolled in millions of fragments down to the foot. Over the sharp flints the old Toadwoman and her children, who could not stop themselves, went cutting their feet and ankles, and rushed half way up the smooth surface before them; but when they were there, they could not get either forward or backward, but, all in a line, pranced away before the mirror, as if dancing with their reflections.

The Good Mother and her son and the dog pursued the rest of their journey in peace. With her son it

was much easier than before for the Good Mother to get through the world, so in only five years from the time when she began her homeward journey, she reached the lodge in the Forest, and threw herself into the arms of her overjoyed husband. They all lived there for many years afterward, without anything to mar their happiness, save the death of the faithful Unnemoosh, who, when he returned, had already reached a very advanced age.

As for the old Toadwoman and her children, who were left on the steep mirror of steel, they stood there tumbling, scrambling up, and prancing away on it, trying, but unable to get forward, and afraid to let themselves slide back, for fear of being dashed to pieces at the bottom; and for all that I know to the contrary, they may have been there to the day of their death—they richly deserved it.



WHITE PLUME, THE GIANT-KILLER.



THE old people and the children of a tribe sat on a hillside, looking down upon a level spot, on which were congregated the youths and warriors preparing to contest the prize in running, when six burly Giants, with as many stripling sons, stalked down upon the race-course, and resting the butts of their clubs upon the ground, scowled upon the assembly. On the instant, dismay and silence took the place of merry chat and laughter. The old people huddled together, with fearful sidelong glances and earnest whispers, while the youths and warriors, slowly retiring to the place where they had left their arms, cautiously prepared for a conflict which they were too prudent either to bring about or hasten. With grim pleasure the Giants enjoyed for a minute the dread inspired by their presence, when one of them advanced from their ranks, and poising his club in mid-air, dashed its butt into the ground, then carelessly resting his elbow on the handle, and crossing his legs, glanced contemptuously around, and thus addressed the people:—

“Let this be the goal, and yonder peeled tree the turning-point in the race which we propose—our six

sons against the whole of yours—the forfeit, the death of the defeated.”

There was no reply.

“What, ho!” shouted the giant spokesman, in a voice that made the ground tremble; “are ye turned cowards? We offer, hear ye not, to match our sons, six in number, against the whole of yours. Ye are silent still! Miserable pigmies that, with the aid of cunning, have since the creation of the world presumed to measure yourselves against us, we offer you fair terms and odds, yet ye decline the contest.”

The Giant ceased and glared around. Silence reigned for a few minutes, when from the hillside came in answer the shrill treble of an ancient of the tribe, who, advancing to the front, thus spake:—

“Men of a black-hearted race, your terms are never fair. The odds, which now ye pretend to give, are far outweighed by those with you. Yet beware—at your peril attempt our injury. Before my aged vision float away the clouds that veil the Future, and I see afar a white-plumed warrior of this tribe lay in the dust your pride and insolence. Beware, I say, if at that day ye must crave mercy.”

The Giants roared in concert, “Ha, ha, ha!” as though it had thundered in the valley, and then their spokesman, after glancing around at his comrades, shouted, “We take the risk!”

The six best runners of the tribe were in succession matched against the Giants' sons. But in vain did they contend for victory, the fleetest did but turn the peeled tree before his competitor had reached the goal. As each of the defeated approached the goal, his brains were dashed out by the club of one or other of the Giants. At the death of the third, the tribe could bear the dreadful ordeal no longer. From the old people rose a wail of anguish, and from the youths and warriors a yell of frenzy and defiance. A flight of arrows followed, and then a scene of the wildest confusion. The old men and women, snatching up the children, fled, while the youths and warriors, in straggling groups, began to retreat. Dealing blows right and left with their massive clubs, the Giants plunged among the latter, who, to cover the flight of the old men and women and of the children, continued doggedly to fight as they retreated, in an opposite direction, towards the Forest. The unequal combat soon ended. The Giants, with the loss of two of their sons, dead, and with the whole of the remainder of their band wounded, remained masters of the field, strewn with their enemies, of whom the survivors had scattered in every direction.

Five days had passed, when, fifty miles from the scene of the conflict, an old man, bearing on his shoulders a pretty boy of four years of age, toiled

through a mountain pass. The old man and the boy, grandfather and grandson, were two of those who had escaped while the youths and warriors made the stand which checked pursuit.

The old man, on reaching the highest point of the pass, just before the descent on the other side of the mountain range began, gently lowered the burden from his shoulders, and sat down to rest his weary trembling limbs, at the same time taking the little fellow between his knees, and pressing his chubby cheeks together, and speaking to him words of good cheer. "We are nearly there," said the old man, in conclusion; "do not fret." Yet, in spite of what he said, he had from time to time cast uneasy glances in the direction whence he had come, and before long he rose stiffly to his feet, and leading his grandson by the hand, began the steep descent on the other side of the mountains. Before sunset they were lost to view in the depths of the distant Forest.

The old man knew not what had become of the other survivors of his tribe. Too old, feeble, and timid to attempt to rejoin the scattered remnants, he was content to know that with his beloved grandson he had escaped the slaughter, and to be able to build a lodge in the recesses of the Forest, and there live with the child. There, the child, too young to retain aught but a dreamy memory of events, and purposely kept

in ignorance by his grandfather, grew into a tall, athletic youth, brave and beautiful.

When the boy had reached ten years of age, his grandfather, thinking that it was time for him to acquire skill in warlike exercises, gave him bow and arrows, and after teaching him to shoot at a mark, sent him into the Forest to hunt. On the first day the boy did not venture far, but acquitted himself very well, and brought back in triumph a rabbit. His grandfather praised him for his skill, and the next day that the boy went a-hunting, he brought back a partridge. He continued to acquire skill, and shoot higher and higher game, until he killed deer, moose, elk, and even bear. It was natural that, as he gained confidence, he should roam farther and farther from his grandfather's lodge, and so it happened that he was sometimes absent for two or three days. On one occasion, he had gone a very long distance from home, and had come to the edge of a prairie, when he saw piles of ashes and some standing lodge-poles, where an encampment had been. Astonished at the sight, he returned home at once, and said, "Grandfather, we are not the only people in the world. I saw on a prairie dead fires and standing lodge-poles." But his grandfather answered: "It must have been your imagination, or else some malicious Spirit made you see what was not there."

The youth attained manhood, and then roamed fearlessly over the mountains and through the Forest, killing what game he pleased, and supplying his grandfather with food, for now the old man had become very decrepit. No animal was too swift or too fierce to escape him, and the old man doted more and more every day on his brave and beautiful grandson. So great was the old man's love that, although he believed it to be returned, he dreaded more and more, the older he grew, the day when his grandson should discover that they two were not the only people in the world.

Yet it was decreed that, when the time came, the youth should know all. One sultry afternoon he left his grandfather asleep in their lodge, and retiring to a cool nook on the edge of a grove, and lighting his pipe, began to smoke. Drowsiness benumbed his faculties, when suddenly, between two puffs, a vision showed him the assembled tribe, the Giants' coming, their challenge, the reply, and, lastly, his grandfather's flight. As he roused, and the next puff ascended, lo! it changed to flocks of pigeons, blue and white. "The meaning is," he murmured, "that I shall be a famous hunter." Then floating upward, from successive puffs, the smoke, massing, coursed over the tree-tops in giant forms that were outpassed by those of pigmies, when, bursting its bonds, it sent

out filmy wreaths and slowly dissipated in the air. "The meaning is," he murmured, "that I shall be a mighty warrior, shall defeat the Giants in the race, and avenge the slaughter and dispersion of my tribe." The pipe, almost exhausted, sent upward a few faint puffs that, collecting, formed a little cloud which on a sudden wafting downward, fell at the youth's feet—a white plume. Springing up, he seized and placed it on his brow, and with joy sparkling in his eyes, turned to seek his grandfather. But there, slightly withdrawn from sight, and clasping his hands in silent misery, the poor old man stood. "O my boy," said he, "forgive me if I weep at what gives you joy, but to me your greatness means loss of you, the bitterest woe."

"Not so, grandfather," returned the youth; "you shall be happier than you have ever been. Let me go speedily and avenge my tribe, and prove my gratitude to you."

The night was far spent before grandfather and grandson, grudging each moment before the parting, sought their repose. On the following morning the young man, after listening respectfully to the wise admonitions which his grandfather delivered for his guidance, and being locked in a warm embrace, which he as warmly returned, set forth upon the

adventure which his vision had foretold. He crossed the mountain range by the very pass through which, as a little boy, sixteen years before, he had been borne on the shoulders of his grandfather, and on the morning of the third day afterward, approached the abode of the Giants, vast lodges situated in a dense and gloomy wood.

One of the Giants, who was a Magician, knew that he was coming, and the Little Spirits that Carry the News had borne it throughout the land. So, as he approached the Lodges of the Giants, he saw here and there little clusters of people gathered on the high rocky places along his route, and as he came in sight of the wood, he discovered at the edge many Giants standing, and among them the six of whom he was in search. The Giants, on their part, kept bellowing at him from afar: "Where is the white-plumed warrior who is to do wonders, avenge his tribe, and restore to them their hunting-grounds? We cannot see the little fellow." But all the while that they jeered at him, and vaunted themselves, they were sorely afraid, and did it to keep up their spirits, for they felt the dread of an impending fate.

When White Plume had reached a place where he could make his voice heard by the Giants, ranged towering along the outskirts of the wood, he stopped, and planting one end of his bow in the ground,

shouted in a clear voice almost the same words that the Giant had uttered in his challenge of sixteen years before:—

“Let this be the goal, and yonder charred tree the turning point in the race which I propose—I against the Six—the forfeit, the death of the defeated.”

The six Giants quaked, and looked one to another, and then frowned wrathfully upon the young man. But they could not break the spell; so their spokesman, lifting up his voice, roared like a tempest: “Agreed. Each day at this hour, beginning now, one of us will race with thee.”

The Giants’ champion of the day stepped forth from their ranks, and stood, toeing the mark, side by side with White Plume. At the signal for the start, they dashed off together, and scoured over the prairie, like the wind. But White Plume’s short step could not match the Giant’s enormous stride: he was being fast left behind, when he threw over the Giant’s head a loop of vine, invisible to all but himself, and tripping him, sent him whirling forward, stunned, upon the ground, and easily came in winner at the goal. Then he cut off the Giant’s head, and amid the distant feeble shouts of the groups collected on the high rocky points around, retired to a place of security, and there passed the night.

Each day, for the four succeeding days, White Plume raced with one of the Giants, and each day, by means of the invisible loop of vine, overthrew and defeated him, and, cutting off his head, retired to the place which he had selected to pass the nights, and there awaited the time of the morrow's exploit. On the morning of the sixth day, but one Giant of those who were to compete with him remained alive—the Magician, who had determined to beg some respite for the purpose of preparing for his race, but, in reality, for the purpose of practising his magic arts, to replace the heads of his comrades on their shoulders and thus restore them to life. But, although White Plume agreed to grant the Giant some respite for preparation, he insisted on bearing to his grandfather, as a token of his victory, the five heads which he had secured. Giving the Giant a week's grace, he set out on his return, bearing off the heads in triumph.

On the evening of the third day after his departure, he reached home, and laying at his grandfather's feet the token of his victory, recounted his adventures. The old man gave him much additional good counsel, and White Plume, after passing the night at the lodge, set out for the Giant-Magician's abode.

So eager was he to reach the place and complete his victory, that he used his best speed, and, on the

morning of the second day, came in sight of the gloomy wood. Feeling wearied, he threw himself upon the ground, propping his head on a mossy stone beneath a shady tree. Whether he slept, or whether he was between sleeping or waking, he could not say, but on the summit of a gnarled, topless trunk before him, and blending with it, seemed the breast and countenance of a venerable man with flowing white beard and hair, and a voice, seeming to issue from his lips, this warning spoke:—

“O noble youth, that never yet
One of the gentler sex hath met,
More deadly than the treacherous snake,
A foe awaits thee in yon brake ;
A maiden brighter than the day,
Thine only weakness would betray.
Avert thine eyes, nor lend thine ear
To scan her beauty, or to hear.
Transform thyself into a brute,
And stand aside, severely mute,
Look but again upon her face,
Defeat attends thee, and disgrace.”

White Plume started, sat up, rubbed his eyes, and gazed earnestly at the topless trunk, the same, apparently, that he had seen throughout; but the venerable face and form, lingering, seemed to melt

into the surrounding air, and in their place a mesh of long, gray, tangled moss floated idly in the breeze. White Plume rose to his feet and hastened towards the race-ground. He was passing through a little grove, and beginning to flatter himself that his resolution would not be put to the test, when suddenly a beautiful woman stood in the path before him. He halted speechless, his senses all in confusion, and gazing ardently upon her, so much more strange and beautiful than anything that he had conceived was she, as she stood in her floating drapery, airily twining her arms, motioning him to approach.

He summoned up all his resolution, and wishing himself transformed into an elk, took that shape, and turning his back upon her, began to browse upon the juicy herbage. But, as he thus stood, striving to distract his attention, the same beautiful form present to his mind, a soft voice burst forth into a torrent of reproaches mingled with avowal of the deepest love. White Plume could not withstand the trial, to the point of resisting the temptation to glance between his fore-feet at the lovely being. On the instant his resolution fled: he wished himself again in his natural shape; in which, seizing his fair temptress around the waist, he bore her to a mossy bank, where, placing her, he threw himself down beside her, and caressing her, swore eternal love. Engaged in these en-

dearments, and forgetful of everything else, sleep finally overcame him, he laid his head on his mistress's lap, and sank into profound repose.

Now, the beautiful woman was the sixth Giant, who, by means of his magic arts, had assumed that shape, in order to mislead and destroy White Plume. No sooner, therefore, had the Giant assured himself that White Plume was sound asleep, than, snatching the feather and placing it in his own frontlet, and rudely pushing aside the head that lay in his lap, he resumed his natural shape, seized his club, broke White Plume's back with a single stroke, transformed him into a hound, and whistled him out of the grove. In this degraded condition White Plume was obliged to follow his giant master.

Two young maidens, sisters, and the daughters of the powerful Chief of a neighboring village, had learned through the Little Spirits that Carry the News, that a young warrior, named White Plume, destined to greatness, had appeared, and after destroying six huge Giants, was approaching their country. They were each so anxious to obtain White Plume for a husband, that, in order to meet him the sooner, they had occupied two lodges on the route by which they had heard that he was advancing.

The Giant with his dog soon reached the lodges

in which the girls were living. The elder, imagining that White Plume was a vain man, had lavished great display upon her lodge, while the younger, imagining him to be a sensible man, had attempted no display whatever. The elder sister's charms and riches captivated the Giant, who became her husband, while the younger one was forced to content herself with sheltering the Giant's dog.

The girls determined that, before returning to their village, they would take some rest. While they rested, the Giant was to amuse himself with hunting. He imagined that whoever possessed the white plume possessed also the skill and power of its rightful owner; but he was much mistaken, for he returned unsuccessful from every expedition. Meanwhile, he observed that his dog procured abundance of game. He set to work to watch the dog, and that very day saw him drag out of the river a stone, which instantly became a beaver. Waiting until the dog had gone, he went down to the place on the bank which the dog had left, and dragged out of the river a stone, which also became a beaver. Tying the beaver to his hunting-belt, he returned home, and as he was about to enter his lodge, unslung the belt and threw it, with the beaver, down outside the door. After talking awhile with his wife, and mentioning his success, he requested her to bring in his

belt with the beaver on it. She went, and returned with the belt, to which hung only the stone.

The next day the dog, who the day before had seen that he was watched, and that his mode of catching beavers had been discovered, went into the woods and broke from a tree a charred limb, which at once turned into a black bear. The Giant, who was lurking behind a tree in the woods to discover what the dog was about, waited until he had got out of sight, and broke off a charred limb, which likewise turned into a black bear. The Giant slung it to his belt, and took it home; but when his wife went at his request outside of the lodge to look at it, she found fastened to the belt nothing but the charred limb.

The Giant, however, secured the game that his dog captured, and persuaded his wife into believing that the dog's power was derived from him, and also explained away the singular circumstances attending his own hunting. His wife, being a silly thing, was easily persuaded out of her own wits, and soon began to think that it was high time to visit her father, the Chief, and present to him her husband, White Plume, the mighty hunter and warrior, and, by way of enhancing the brilliancy of her own good fortune, tell what sorry luck her sister had had in being content to share her lodge with the Giant's dog.

No sooner had the pair departed than the dog made earnest signs to his kind mistress to give him a vapor bath. She complied, and put him in the furnace used for the purpose, closed the entrance with a stone, and left him there for an hour. When the stone was removed from the entrance, out stepped White Plume, restored to his youthful bloom and beauty, himself in all respects, except that he had not regained the power of speech. He threw himself at the feet of his protectress, and mutely signified his devotion to her.

Meanwhile, the elder sister had reached the house of her father, and had told him all about her own adventures, and the exploits which the Giant had invented for himself; not omitting to mention her sister's ill-luck, and her menial employment of tending the Giant's dog, which had wonderful skill in hunting. The Chief, seeing that there was some magic in the dog's skill, sent a party of warriors to bring the girl and the dog before him. They were astonished to find, instead of the dog described, the dumb warrior, White Plume, who, with his wife, accompanied them to the presence of the Chief.

The Chief assembled all the old and wise men of the tribe to witness the feats which his elder daughter had told him that her husband could perform. The Giant trembled when, among the young warriors,

he recognized White Plume, as sound in the back as though it had not been broken by his club, when betrayed by him in the shape of a beautiful woman.

The Chief, taking a pipe and filling it, passed it first to the old men, then to the young men of the tribe. White Plume's and the Giant's turn came next. The pipe was offered to White Plume. He made a sign that it should first be handed to the Giant. The Giant took it and smoked, but nothing happened. Then White Plume, rising from his seat, strode across the open space around which the people were gathered, snatched the white feather from the Giant's head, and placed it on his own, and raising the pipe to his lips sent forth clouds of smoke, which, changing into flocks of pigeons, blue and white, swept with the rush of many wings far beyond view.

At the same moment, regaining his speech, he turned on the Giant and said, "In the likeness of a cur, take thy departure." Instantly the Giant took that form, and was hooted and pelted out of the village by the boys. Resuming his natural shape on reaching the Lodges of the Giants, he, by his account of White Plume's power, inspired them with so great a dread, that they removed thousands of miles away to escape his vengeance.

After the Giant's flight, the Chief demanded that White Plume should recount the story of his life

and adventures. White Plume forthwith consented, and for an hour thus entertained the assembled people. At the conclusion, he rose in his place, and addressing the Chief, said that it was fit they should celebrate their release from the power of the Giants. The Chief assenting, White Plume called for a buffalo hide, and, cutting it into scraps, scattered them over the prairie. He then commanded the young men to prepare their bows and arrows. As soon as they stood with their arrows fitted to the string, and their bows bent, he clapped his hands, and on the prairie immediately uprose an immense herd of buffaloes. Great numbers of them were slaughtered by the young men, who pressed around them and hemmed them in on every side. Then there were great rejoicings, and a feast was declared in honor of the great hunter and warrior, White Plume.

Near the end of the festivities, White Plume, taking his wife by the hand, led her to the Chief, her father, and craved permission to go with her to visit his grandfather. The Chief consenting, White Plume and his wife withdrew from the joyful assembly, and journeyed to the lodge of the grandfather. The old man wept with joy at recovering his grandson, and hearing of his good fortune; and forsaking the lodge in the Forest, accompanied him to the village

of the Chief. White Plume soon set out from the village and gathered together his tribe, which, with that of his wife, he, on the death of her father, ruled over happily to the day of his death.



THE THREE CRANBERRIES.



THREE Sister Cranberries, one red, one white, and one green, lived together. Snow was lying on the ground, and they felt wretched and forlorn. "What shall we do, should the Wolf come?" said one of the Sisters. "I," said the green Cranberry, "will climb up into the spruce tree." "I," said the white one, "will hide myself in the hominy pot." "And I," said the red one, "will hide under the snow." But only one of them had been wise. The white one was devoured with the hominy, without the Wolf's even knowing that she was there; the red one was, on account of her color, easily discovered, and her blood shed upon the snow; but the green one, being up the tree, out of sight and out of reach, was the only one that escaped.



LELINA AND HER GREEN-PLUMED LOVER.



LELINA, the lovely daughter of a great hunter who lived near the foot of the Highlands of Naigow Wudjoo, on the shores of Lake Superior, was from her earliest years observed to be unlike children of her age. She seemed to shrink from her boisterous playmates, and, plunging into the dark shades of the Forest, or into the gloom of some vast cave, or else perched on a high rocky point of the Lake, often sat with her elbows resting on her knees, wistfully gazing into the distance, as if seeking something, ever seeking something, something but half known.

The gossips began to prate about her, to say that she frequented deserted places to meet her Familiar Spirit. But little did Lelina care, indeed little did she know, what the gossips said about her. Listlessly she sat at home, and eagerly repaired to her haunts, and gazed, gazed as if seeking something, something but half known. If one might judge by the frequency with which her footsteps led thither, of all her haunts none was so dear to her as the Pines called Manitowak, the Charmed Grove. There, they say, dwell the Sprites and Fairies, of whom, at night, by the sparkling light of the Fire-Flies, some

few mortals have caught a glimpse. But these forbear to revisit the place even by day, let alone on purpose to see the nightly spectacle. The Sprites and Fairies dislike to be approached in their abodes and revels, and if they are, either disappear, or else punish the rash intruder.

By daylight Lelina used to stray through the Charmed Grove, sit on some mossy stone, dip pearly pebbles from the brook, and cull the wild flowers that had sprung where fairy footsteps in the merry dance the night before had tripped the greensward. Her parents, lest some malicious Sprites should play a prank upon the dreamy girl, in revenge for her roamings over their chosen spot, often tried to dissuade her from going thither : but in vain they tried. Beneath the gloomy Pines, stretching away like columns in a great Cathedral, arched with interlacing boughs, resounding with Nature's sad music, Lelina, bold in her guilelessness, strayed, or sat at the foot of her favorite Pine, a stately trunk with broad, spreading top, still with her eyes fixed on vacancy, wistfully seeking something, something but half known.

When the girls played their games before the doors of the neighbors' lodges, Lelina would sit quietly by without joining them, or would play, but with so little zest, that the least of the merry group

would whisper to her companions, "Lelina must be in love." But whom did she love, what did she love, if it were not the hills, the caves, and beyond all, the woods, and of all spots in the woods, the shade of the graceful Pine! True, a suitor, favored by her parents, appeared at the door of Lelina's lodge nightly, as the Sun had run his course, and sat there side by side with her, in view of the peeping Stars, or the full bold face of the Moon. But the Stars tired of peeping, and the Moon, seeing nothing, moved away, as Lelina sat silent beside her lover, gazing wistfully, seeking something, something but half known.

Lelina's parents, sure at last that she must be under the influence of some evil spell, and wishing to break it, resolved to hasten her marriage. The day was fixed, the guests were invited, and not until then was Lelina told that she must wed the suitor of her parents' choice. She heard the news in silence, and, as soon as she could escape, fled to the Charmed Grove, where she threw herself down by the Pine. As she leaned against its trunk, she fancied that she heard the whisperings of its leaves gradually shape themselves into words. Listening attentively, she heard herself thus addressed:—

“Now may the long-pent words be spoken,
Now may be solved the mystery;
Maiden, thou the spell hast broken,
That bound the Spirit to the Tree.

“Oft when beneath my sheltering arm,
I’ve held thee ’gainst my rugged breast,
And shielded thee from every harm,
And lulled thee into gentle rest,

“And all around the whispering air,
Breathed of a mystic love of thee,
’Twas I, my dearest, that was there;
Thou lovedst me bound, still love me—*free*.”

The startled maiden, half risen from the ground, saw the trunk of the Pine open, and a noble youth, with a bright green plume floating above his brow, step lightly forth into the Forest. She knew him, as one knows the end of a melody, from the strain that went before. No need was there now to look wistfully for something but half known—the light of love shone in her eyes, her waist was encircled by her lover’s arm, and her head reclined upon his shoulder.

On the morning of her wedding-day, Lelina in joyous mood presented herself in bridal attire before her father and mother. Rejoiced to see her so gay, they encouraged her frolicsome humor, and took it in

jest when she exclaimed, "I am going to meet my green-plumed lover, who waits for me in the Grove. I am going to the lover who watched and guarded me in childhood and in youth. Farewell, farewell, father and mother," she added, and skimmed lightly away.

Not until the time appointed for the wedding had arrived, did the absence of Lelina cause alarm. Night approached, and still there were no signs of her coming. Her parents and the neighbors, bearing flaming torches, searched the shores of the Lake, and every nook in the Grove—not a trace of Lelina could be found. They shouted her name, but nothing replied save echo, or silence. The next day, and the next, and the next was the search continued in every direction; but in vain, in vain did they search for the lost Lelina. Never, never more was she spoken to by human being; only once was she seen. One night, long afterward, as a party of fishermen, spear-
ing salmon near the Grove, were looking towards shore, they saw a female form standing by the water's edge. They paddled gently towards it, but no sooner did they approach, than it fled into the Grove, through which it was seen to glide away side by side with a noble youth over whose brow floated a bright green plume.

KWASIND, THE FEARFULLY STRONG MAN.

PAUWATING was the name of a village where, in the olden time, the youths amused themselves much in out-door sports, in ball-playing, racing, shooting at a mark, and in many other games of skill, strength, or endurance, or of all those combined. One day, as they were engaged in a trial of strength in lifting, a certain youth, when his turn came, slipped, and fell plump on his back. All the rest set up a shout, hallooing out, "Ah, ha! you'll never make a Kwasind." The youth was very much chapfallen at his accident, and the ridicule of his companions, and as he was on his way home, the expression which they had used kept dinning in his ears—"You'll never make a Kwasind—you'll never make a Kwasind." He cudgelled his brains to recollect whether he had ever heard that name, and to imagine what his companions had meant, but at last he gave up in despair. He thought to himself, "I will ask the old man of our village: he has lived so long, and is so wise, he must know." As soon as he reached the village, he went to see the old man, and found him seated in front of his lodge. "Grandfather," said he, respectfully, "can you tell me who

Kwasind was?" "Sit down, my son, beside me," replied the old man, kindly, "and I will tell you all about him. Why, certainly I know who Kwasind was!" And this is the old man's story:—

"Kwasind was a very idle boy, so lazy that he would not even play. At length his mother, who had borne most with him, got out of all patience, and said to him one day, 'I should like to know where there is any lad of your age that does so little for his parents! You will not lay a hand to anything. You will not hunt nor fish, and your poor old mother has to set her own nets in the ice all through the coldest winter. What are you good for? But I will stand it no longer! Go this instant and wring out the net that I have just hauled out of the water, and then hang it up to dry!'

"Kwasind saw that there was no use of trying to get off by making excuses, so he walked slowly away to the shore, where he knew the net was lying. He leisurely rolled it up, doubled the roll, and doubled it again, and then, after pausing a moment, wrung it as though it had been a dishcloth. Every particle of water was squeezed out of the roll, and it snapped in the middle, as though it had been made of spun glass. Now the secret was out; everybody now knew why it was that Kwasind had seemed to be so lazy: he had been afraid to take hold of any-

thing, for fear of breaking it to pieces. His mother and father, you may be sure, never again asked him to help them.

“One day, not long after this, the youths of the village were playing at ball on a plain where was lying one of those big black boulders which, as the story goes, Manabozho, the great Day-Spirit, had flung in the fight with his father. Kwasind walked up to it, and plucking it from the ground, and poising it for a moment in the palm of his hand, sent it whirling into the river, which gulped it down, and streamed around it in a whirlpool. The companions of Kwasind felt so uncomfortable at this display of strength, that they stopped their game of ball, and returned to the village, whispering to each other as they went, ‘Did you ever see anything like that? Who on earth is as strong as Kwasind?’

“Kwasind, soon after accomplishing this feat, went on a hunt, with his father, to a distant mountain. They came at last to a gorge in which had been heaped the trunks of pines and firs torn by the blast from the mountain sides. ‘We shall have to go round,’ said Kwasind’s father, halting. He seated himself on a rock, and taking out his pipe, filling, and lighting it, began to smoke, as the readiest means of enabling him to make up his mind whether to go to the right or to the left. But, as the old man

sat on the stone, puffing and puffing away, and thinking which would be the best course to take in going around, what was his astonishment to see Kwasind walk up into the gorge, and, first with one hand, and then with the other, fling the pines and firs back up the mountain sides, until the gorge was all clear, and then stroll back to where he was sitting, not so much as out of breath! 'Well, well, well!' said the old man to himself, 'Kwasind is not so useless after all!'

"After many adventures, Kwasind and his father returned home, and soon afterward, they two, and a party of young men, all in canoes, started to hunt the Beavers. One day, as the little fleet of canoes was paddling down a great river, Kwasind caught sight of a big furry animal, and diving out of his father's canoe, he gave chase among the islands, through the rapids, down the falls, and in the deep waters. At first all thought that he would be drowned, but they soon saw that he dived and swam as well as the King of the Beavers. Indeed, as it turned out, he dived and swam better, for it was the King of the Beavers that Kwasind was after, and having captured him, he brought him back in triumph to his father's canoe.

"The fame of Kwasind's exploits, especially of this last one, spread far and wide. He had done so many wonderful feats, and he kept on daily adding

so many more, that he ended by exciting the jealousy of the Goblins, who conspired to take his life. 'If we let this man go on,' said they among themselves, 'we shall have nothing to boast of before long. Besides, he may drive us from the land into the clutches of our mortal enemies, the Water-Sprites.'

"Now, the secret of Kwasind's great strength lay in the crown of his head. But that was also his weak point. The Goblins knew it, and they knew also that there was but one kind of weapon that could kill him, and what that weapon was. It was a strange thing to be equal to cracking the skull of so powerful a man as Kwasind! It was the burr of the white pine, which, although a pretty heavy and hard thing, you would scarcely suppose equal to doing that, if the strength of his skull was at all in proportion to that of his body: but it wasn't, and the rest of the story hangs on that fact.

"Well, the Goblins carefully searched all the woods for the biggest and hardest pine-burrs, and collected great numbers of them. Then they carried them to the shore, and stacked them like piles of cannon-balls, on a point of the river Taquamenaw, where they knew Kwasind was in the habit of passing in his canoe. It was just where some high, pointed, red rocks jut out into the water, looking like the towers of a strong castle. It was a very safe

place to attack Kwasind from, because, in his canoe, passing around the point, he would afford a fair mark, and even if he could land, it would take him some time to climb up the steep rocks, and all that time the Goblins would be able to shower down pine-burrs on top of his head. The cunning Goblins had planned the attack very well, you see.

"One afternoon, when everything was ready, the Goblins in great numbers assembled on top of the rocks. In their glee at the thought of their coming triumph, they pranced and curveted around between the stacks of pine-burrs, turning somersaults over them, and playing all sorts of mad pranks. It was a hot summer afternoon, not a breath of air was stirring, and at last the Goblins, quite weary and warm with their sport, paused and looked up the river, just in time to see the canoe of Kwasind turning the point of the farthest reach within sight, and coming full into view. At once they dropped flat on their bellies, and swarmed along the ground until they got under shelter of the stacks of pine-burrs.


"Kwasind came slowly floating down the current. Lulled by the heat, he had fallen asleep, holding a paddle, and leaning over the side of his canoe. Even if he had been awake, and had glanced at the point, he probably would have thought that the heaps

of pine-burrs were so many big ant-hills. Kwasind, as I said, came slowly floating down, nearer and nearer to the steep rocky point: not a sound was heard, and Kwasind still slept. Just as the canoe came right under the rocks, and was swinging around with the current, the head Goblin leaped to his feet, followed by all his comrades, and a volley of pine-burrs crashed on the crown of poor Kwasind's head. He toppled over the side of his canoe, and slowly and silently sank in the deep, deep waters.

"Ever since then, voyagers by moonlight on the river may sometimes see a wavering space on the ledge that crowns the top of the rocky point, and now and then catch a glimpse of a plume, or hear a shrill laugh. It is the Goblins dancing a merry round, to celebrate their victory over Kwasind, the fearfully strong man, who, not content with excelling men, was so indiscreet as to attempt to rival even the Goblins."



OLD WINTER AND YOUNG SPRING.

N old, old man sat alone in a lodge by the side of a frozen stream. The cold weather was nigh over, and his fuel was gone, and the old man's fire was low. Seated there, with snowy locks and beard streaming over his shoulders and breast, the old man seemed very lonely and sad. Day after day had he sat there listening to the fierce blasts winnowing the snow.

One day, just as his fire was dying, a youth entered his lodge. The youth's step was elastic, his cheeks were rosy, his eyes brimming with pleasure, and his lips wreathed with a beautiful smile. On his brow he wore a fillet of grasses, and, in his hand, held a bunch of wild-flowers.

"Ah, my son!" said the old man, greeting him, "I am glad to see you. Let us spend the evening together, and entertain each other with an account of our exploits." Reaching down a curiously carved pipe from the side of the lodge, and filling it with the choicest tobacco, he handed it to his guest, and then taking a pipe himself, and puffing out a few clouds of smoke, he thus began to speak:—

"I breathe, and the streams cease to flow, and become as hard and brittle as crystal."

"*I breathe,*" replied the youth, "and flowers spring up in my path."


"*I shake my hoary locks,*" rejoined the old man, "and the leaves fall and whirl away, the snow whitens the earth, the birds seek a distant clime, and the beasts fly to the shelter of forest and caves."

"*I toss my sunny curls,*" said the youth, "and soft showers moisten the earth, I loose the fetters from the streams, the plants gently raise their heads, the birds warble amidst the grove, and all Nature rejoices."

The Sun now rising shed his warm beams over the lodge. The robin and the bluebird began to chirp and sing on the roof, the stream to murmur along its course, and the sweet scent of violets to waft down the breeze. The old man fell silent. As the youth gazed upon him, streams oozed from his eyes, his gaunt visage and lank form slowly lost their outlines, and faded away into thin air.



THE GOOD PRINCESS AND THE BAD PRINCESS.

AR, far away in the woods once lived a sweet little maiden of fourteen, with her infant brother, of whom she had the sole charge; for they were orphans, and no one lived near. She clothed and fed him until he was old enough to take care both of himself and her, which he did willingly, for he was a good little fellow, and very grateful to her for all her care and kindness.

One day, when he had grown up to be quite a big boy, he said to his sister: "Are we the only people in the world? How did we get here?" "We had a father and a mother once," answered his sister; "they are the only people, besides you, that I ever saw; but I suppose there must be other people a long, long way off." "What became of our father and mother?" asked the boy. "They hid with us in a hollow tree to escape two wicked Giants, who dragged them out and killed them." "Why didn't the Giants kill *us*?" persisted the boy. "Because they did not find us. O brother, please don't ask me any more questions; you make my blood run cold!" The girl shuddered, and her brother, after a curious

and sympathizing glance at her face, remained silent, and never again referred to the subject.

The boy grew into a stripling, and was no longer ambitious of killing small game, such as birds and hare, which he had been used to shoot, but went on long hunts after deer, antelope, elk, and bear, in which excursions he rambled far from home. While hunting, the thought constantly occupied his mind, whether he and his sister could possibly be the only people in the world. He said nothing, because the subject had brought to his sister painful recollections of the loss of their father and mother, but he at last thought so much about it, that he determined to go on a long journey of discovery. One evening, after he had laid his plans, he said to his sister: "Sister, I wish you would tan the last deerskins I brought home, and make me ten pairs of good strong moccasins." His sister started, and exclaimed, "O brother, will you leave me? What would become of me if you should never return!" "Yes, sister," said the youth, "I must go; but I shall return, never fear, and bring you an account of the world." Then the youth rose, and gently parting the silken tresses of his sister, gave her a kiss, and tried hard to cheer her up and make her smile. But for all he did, she could not smile, could not help feeling very sad at the thought of his going.

One morning soon after the ten pairs of moccasins were finished, the youth, tucking them into his belt, slinging his bow and quiver over his shoulders, and taking leave of his sister, set out on his journey. He walked all day without seeing anything worth mentioning, and passed the night under shelter of a tree, on which, before starting the next morning, he hung up a pair of moccasins for a landmark and for use on his return.

Stopping to pass the night on the evening of the second day after his departure from home, he noticed stumps of trees that had been felled with axes, "Aha!" said he, half aloud, "the wind never did that!" and added, observing that the stumps were covered with moss, and giving one of them a kick, and finding it so much spunk, "there must have been people in the world, to cut these trees down, but who can tell whether any are alive now!" In the morning he hung up a pair of moccasins on a branch and continued his journey.

Towards evening he came across stumps that were harder and less covered with moss than the others. "Ah," thought he, "people were here later, but it was a long, long time ago; they may all be dead now!" The next morning he hung up a pair of moccasins and continued on his way.

Thus he journeyed for ten days. Somewhere on

each day's journey, generally towards the end, he found stumps, each set greater in number and harder than the preceding ones. At last, on the evening of the eleventh day, when he had no more moccasins to leave, he found a clearing in which some of the trees had been cut down so recently that the mark of the axes was visible on the wood still moist with sap. He lay down there to pass the night, but was so excited that he could not get a wink of sleep. The next day he had hardly started before he struck into a path: He followed it until noon, when he heard voices, and saw smoke rising through the trees. Soon he reached a cluster of houses, and saw people passing to and fro in every direction among them, and others a short distance off, engaged in a game of ball.

The people, ball-players and all, gathered around him and plied him with questions. The ball-players invited him to join their game, to which he readily consented, and although unused to it, displayed such quickness and address as to acquit himself to the admiration of all beholders. At the end of the game the players conducted him to the Lodge of the King, who was seated in state, surrounded by many Chieftains. The King received him with marked distinction, and had him conducted to a seat of honor between the two Princesses, whose names

were Ochikou and Machikou. At the King's request he arose and recounted his adventures. At the conclusion, the King declared his intention of bestowing upon him in marriage the two Princesses. At this the youth looked very blank, for Ochikou means the good, but Machikou, the bad. He kept silence, however, and, in the course of the feast which was soon served in honor of the occasion, turned to Ochikou, and, at the risk of giving offence, devoted himself to her, but did not vouchsafe a word or a glance to her sister. After the feast was over, he obtained a private audience of the King, and declared himself delighted at the idea of obtaining the honor of Ochikou's hand, but averse to having more than one wife. The King would not hearken to any change from his expressed will, and began to frown so terribly upon the youth, that he was glad to escape from the royal presence. He was now sent for by the Princesses, and reluctantly he obeyed the summons. He soon excused himself for a few minutes, and retired to his lodge, where, waiting until the night was quite dark, he seized a good opportunity, and fled into the Forest.

The good Princess and the bad Princess sat for a long time near the fire, wondering what kept the fascinating youth. At length they could no longer contain themselves, and despatched a messenger after

him. The messenger returned, and of course reported that the youth could nowhere be found. At this the two Princesses glanced at each other, and read the selfsame thought in each other's faces. In their dismay, forgetting all propriety, they rose and went forth to seek him. Not finding him in his lodge, they went out into the town. Now, at least a dozen roads branched off in every direction from the town. They followed several before they lighted upon the one that the youth had taken, which they recognized by the freshness of his footprints.

The youth had in the meanwhile got miles away. But the two Princesses, who knew many magic arts, and were very fleet of foot, pursued him, running. Thus it happened that, when the night was far spent, and he was beginning to rejoice at his escape, he heard the voices and laughter of the girls, who knew that they were gaining on him. He swung himself into a fir-tree, and climbing to the very top, turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of the Princesses, who, having lost his footsteps at the tree, knew that he must be up in the branches, and stood begging him to come down and return with them. When they found that their fair speeches were of no avail, they set to work with little hatchets that they wore in their girdles, to cut down the tree. At first, when

the youth heard the little taps that they gave, he did not concern himself, but suddenly he thought that he heard the trunk creak as if it were near falling, and looking warily around through the darkness, and catching sight of a limb of an oak projecting overhead, made shift to catch hold of it, and raising himself up, crawled along it, until he reached the trunk, down which he slid and made off in the gloom while the two Princesses were still chopping away for dear life. He escaped in good time, for he had not gone more than a quarter of a mile, when the wind bore to his ears the crash of the falling tree.

He knew that the Princesses would soon find out that he had escaped, so he redoubled his speed. Day dawned, and taking advantage of the light, and fearing lest it should discover him to them, he hurried on faster than ever. Just as the light of day was waning, and he felt quite secure, he heard a laugh, and the voice of one of the girls exclaiming, "Ah, Oshigewakon, thou mightst as well give up; the world is not big enough to hide thee."

Quick as lightning, Oshigewakon, for that was the youth's name, climbed up the trunk and leaped into the crotch of a maple tree, when, discovering that the trunk was hollow, he let himself down into it, thinking, "Your hatchets will break before you fell *this* tree." So sudden had been his movement,

that the Princesses lost sight of him for a moment, and did not know in what tree he had taken refuge. They walked around for some time, looking up into the branches of every tree, and calling, "Thou beauteous stranger, art thou there?" Not discovering him, they went around tapping the big trees with their hatchets, to find out which one was hollow, calling, "Thou beauteous stranger, thou must be here." At last they came to the tree in which Oshigewakon was concealed, and set to work to cut it down, but their hatchets blunted without making much impression on the maple, which kind of tree, when dead and weather-beaten, is as hard as rock.

The Princesses paused to take breath, and finding a little crack in the tree, peeped through, and seeing the stranger sitting there composedly, renewed their chopping so frantically as to break both their hatchets to flinders. Now the Princesses saw that nothing but fair means remained, so they both began to beseech him to come out, crying, "O Oshigewakon, my handsome husband, whom my father, the great Ogima, gave me, come and take possession of thy slave!"

But the youth did not stir, and the Princesses, peeping through the crack in the tree, saw him sitting there as composedly as ever, utterly indifferent to them. The wicked sister then said to the good

one: "Come aside, I have something to tell thee." When they were out of earshot she whispered: "It is no use, our entreating him, he does not heed us; let's separate and practise on him our magic arts. As he will marry only one, let it be she who can catch him." The good sister consented, and they separated, and went off in different directions.

When silence had lasted some time, Oshigewakon breathed freely again, and finally climbed out of his hiding-place, seated himself on the crotch of the tree, and scanned the ground in every direction. Although satisfied that the sisters had really gone, he determined not to leave his refuge till nightfall. Then he got down, and as he was very hungry, walked some distance to a beaver-pond which he recollected having passed. He there spread his blanket on the ground, and then broke the beaver-dam to let out the water. A fat beaver was left aground, which he killed, and, tossing over his shoulder, brought back to the camp. What was his astonishment to find a beautiful lodge where he had left his blanket! "Ah, me," he thought, "those obstinate Princesses!" He was on the point of flying, when giving a glance at the lodge, it looked so snug, and the fire shining inside so cheery, that he had not the heart to do it. So he walked a few steps aside, to command a view of the interior of the lodge, and saw a girl attend-

ing to her household duties. "Perhaps," thought he, "it is the good sister." He threw the beaver down by the door and entered. "Good evening," said the girl (who by the way was pretty, but rather thin and pale), glancing first at the youth, and then at the beaver—"you have been hunting. Wait awhile, and I will prepare you supper and a bed for the night."

She had soon cut up the beaver, and cooked a dish of it for supper. Oshigewakon noticed that, while stirring the pot, she tasted the contents, and even dipped out the tidbits and devoured them greedily. What with the disgust with which he was inspired at the sight, and the absence of the choice morsels which the fagged hunter has always a right to expect, he lost his appetite, and ate very sparingly of supper. Moreover, the disgust that he had conceived for the girl was so intense, that he slighted all her advances to a better acquaintance, and wrapping himself in his blanket, soon sought relief in sleep.

When he rose in the morning he found no breakfast—the girl had eaten every scrap of food in the lodge. Angrily turning upon her, he was denouncing her gluttony, when he was startled to see her grow paler, her face shrink into a long snout, her body bristle with wiry hair; and with a snarl, a snap, and a glare, a she-wolf bounded past him

through the doorway. Then he knew it to be Machikou, and thanked heaven for his escape.

He hastened away from the spot, and walked rapidly until sunset, when he stopped at a beaver-dam, and, as before, spread his blanket, and went off and let the water out of the dam. Instead of catching only one beaver, he caught three. Slinging them about his person, he went towards his camping-ground, when he descried a lodge, and through the open door a young girl moving briskly about putting things to rights. Thought he, "Who can it be this time? It is not the lean, wolfish girl; perhaps it is the good one, her sister." He stepped into the lodge, and found everything very neat and orderly. "Good," thought he, "I like her, she shall be my wife."

The girl was pretty, slight, graceful, and neat, and attended to her household affairs without seeking to attract his attention. When she had finished cooking, she set before him a supper of the choicest cuts of beaver. He asked her to join him, but she modestly replied, "No, no, eat your supper; there is time enough for me: I will eat mine presently." "But Ochikou," said he, risking the name, "I do not like to eat alone, what I got for myself and you." The girl smiled, and an expression which had disguised her features passed from them, and he saw that she was really the good Princess, Ochikou.

Nevertheless, she persisted in saying that she would not join him at supper, but would eat hers presently.

Soon Oshigewakon, feeling very tired, lay down and went to sleep. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a noise, and opening his eyes, saw the girl gnawing the bark off of some birch twigs. In the morning he supposed that he must have been dreaming. He told the girl his dream, and, to his surprise, she did not even smile. "What," thought he, "could it have been real? Come here," said he to her; "tell me why, when I brought home the beavers, you looked at them so mournfully." "Ah," replied she, with a deep sigh, "I had good cause to look at them mournfully!—were they not my relations!" "What!" exclaimed Oshigewakon; "that is a good joke: so you belong to the family of the Beavers?" "Yes," said the girl, "I am descended from them." "Ha, ha!" roared Oshigewakon; "well, if you come to that, I must be derived from the Otters, and so we two are distantly related—don't you know Oshigewakon means Heart of the Otter? Well, well, in future, if you will be a good wife, and it will please you, I will not kill any more of your relations, if you also will promise not to disturb me by keeping up old family customs of gnawing bark in the middle of the night." Thus Oshigewakon joked about the

matter, but it was more serious than he imagined, as the sequel will show.

Very happy were the hunter, Oshigewakon, and the Princess Ochikou, living all by themselves in the Forest, but they were happier still when a little son was born to them. His father expected such great things of him, that the very day after his birth he made him a little bow and a quiver full of arrows. At this Oshigewakon's wife laughed heartily, as well she might. I verily believe they were the happiest couple in the world! But, ah me, what a bubble is happiness!—a breath, and it is gone!

They had travelled to a distant village where there was great merry-making on the occasion of gathering the yield of maple sugar. Meanwhile there had been heavy rains, and all the streams were swollen to overflowing. Ochikou told her husband that he must build her a bridge over every stream that crossed their way home, for if she should get her feet wet, it would cause him great sorrow. Oshigewakon promised, and going before, over every stream built a bridge for his dear wife, so that she might pass dryshod. At length, however, when they had almost reached home, he came to a rill, not more than half a foot wide. It was so small that he never thought of bridging it, but, stepping over it, continued on his way. He had gone some distance,

when, not hearing his wife's step behind him, he turned to find her, and perceived that the rains from the mountains had descended into the rill and converted it into a torrent, on the other side of which stood his wife, clasping her child to her bosom, and vainly trying to cross. Before he could warn her, she leaped, stumbled, and fell with the child into the water, and was swept away by the current. He reached the brink just in time to see her and the child turn into a big and a little beaver and float out of sight. Blaming his unlucky stars, he followed the stream, and in the course of two days reached a beaver-dam. There he saw, seated on top of the dam, a big beaver; and close by, in the water, a little one. Something told him that they were his transformed wife and child, so he cried out from the shore, begging her to come to him. The big beaver looked towards him with a tearful glance, and then replied: "Ah, heedless man! did I not obey your slightest wish? why did you not mine? In this form am I doomed to spend the remainder of my days."

That is the end of the story.

"And what became of Oshigewakon; what became of the poor little sister left all alone in the woods?" That is more than I know. Thank fortune for the good that you possess: some stories have neither beginning nor end. I suppose, if the truth were

known, that Oshigewakon had had enough of the two great families of Wolves and Beavers, and as he was a very good fellow, must have longed to get back to his sweet little sister, and probably did go back, and live with her all the rest of his days; but I don't know anything about the matter, it's only a supposition. All I know is, that the last that was seen of Oshigewakon was at the beaver-dam, imploring his wife to come ashore. Let us hope that she and the child came, and were restored to their human forms, and, whether that happened or not, that Oshigewakon did not forget the good little sister left all by herself in the woods.



MUDJEE MONEDO, THE OGRE.



ON a lovely rolling prairie, partly open, partly forest-clad, and silvered with tiny lakes and rivers, once dwelt the terrible Mudjee Monedo, the Ogre. As though it had been intended that men should shun the monster, he had an aspect not less evil than his name and deeds: Mudjee Monedo was the most frightful Ogre that the world ever saw. His neckless head rested on a clumsy body supported by gnarled bandy-legs; his face hung in flabby ashen folds around his tusky mouth; and his crafty green eyes lurked beneath bat-winged brows, over which fell a maze of grizzly hair. At the sight of him even wild beasts turned and fled to gain the refuge of their lairs. Indeed, so baleful was his glance that, wonder is, it did not blast the landscape, and that winter did not howl throughout the livelong year.

The forests of the country abounded with game, and its lakes and rivers gleamed with shoals of fishes. But Mudjee Monedo looked neither to the forests nor to the waters to supply his larder: nothing but human flesh pleased his taste, and to gratify it, he had almost swept the country of its inhabitants.

The men, women, and children would long before have fled to some distant land, had they not always hoped that soon one of their warriors would succeed in destroying the terrible monster. Meanwhile, the people hoping against hope, Mudjee Monedo kept on devouring, devouring, devouring.

Near Mudjee Monedo's dwelling was a lake around which he had made a race-course, the track of which was hardened with human bone-dust. Alongside of the course he had set a post which served for both starting-point and goal, and from it hung a keen-edged knife. Nothing was easier for the wily Ogre than to ensnare brave youths into racing with him: if a challenge failed, a taunt was always sure to gain his point. The hunter, skilled in all manly exercises, always hoped until too late that he might be more fortunate than those who had already fallen a prey. Yet to race with the Ogre was certain defeat, for he had the power to transform himself into the likeness of any four-footed animal, and distance his adversary; and defeat was certain death, for he was never known to spare. At the goal, no matter with what speed his adversary had run, the Ogre, knife in hand, was always found awaiting the victim's coming.

Near Mudjee Monedo lived a widow, whose husband and ten sons had each in turn paid for his

rashness the forfeit of his life; each in turn, after the first, having longed to avenge his loss. Of all the widow's family, there now remained to her but her young daughter, and her stripling son, Manedowa; and her daily, hourly dread was lest her son, grown to manhood, should fall a victim to the Ogre's thirst for blood. Meanwhile, she caused him to be taught all a warrior's skill and duty, and she herself taught her daughter all that was needful for a maiden.

Their lodge was situated on a point that jutted out into the lake, whence its occupants commanded a view bounded by the distant outskirts of the mighty Forest. Content in their mutual love, their days rolled calmly by. But where is the solitude that Cupid finds not, if he may there plant a shaft in a maiden's heart! One afternoon the maiden hied to the neighboring groves to gather fallen branches for fuel. Soon she had her little fagot made and bound, ready to be shouldered. But ere she stooped to take it from the ground, she paused for a moment to gaze at the glow of sunset. Suddenly she started, and almost screamed, as a shadow fell before her. Glancing over her shoulder, she beheld a young man, whose steps had been arrested by her gesture. Her first impulse was to fly, but, with another rapid glance, her purpose faltered, and then she stood

riveted to the ground, conscious of a strange emotion, for over the noble countenance of the youth flitted an engaging smile, and a tuneful voice addressed her.

The Sun had long set ere the maiden's footsteps crossed her mother's threshold. Not a word did she breathe of the mysterious stranger. Often thenceforward did she meet him in the neighboring groves, and often, after their plighted faith, did he entreat her to ask her mother's consent to their union. But the timid maiden, happy in her innocent love, and ignorant of what might come of her confession, kept the secret from her mother. Yet, although she told it not in words, she told it just as plainly—ah, not less blind than love are lovers! Her mother had long suspected, from the small amount of fuel gathered in the longest greenwood rambles, that it was not solitude that wooed her daughter. At last she questioned her, and learned the whole love story, and to her daughter's joy consented to receive her suitor. Gayly did the maiden dance down the hillsides, clamber the rocks and leap the brooks, carolling along the way to the trysting-place, to see her lover. Their rapturous meeting ended with his promise to present himself at the lodge that evening.

Sunset spread a golden path for the young warrior approaching the lodge, decked with his bright-

plumed panache, gently swaying to his graceful step. The widow arose, and extending her hand in welcome to the stranger, led him to her daughter, and joining their hands, seated him beside her.

The next morning the Sun was scarcely up, before the young warrior, rising from his couch, asked for the bow and arrows of one of the widow's slain sons. They were handed to him; when slinging over his shoulder the quiver that contained the arrows, and holding the bow in his left hand, he sauntered towards the distant Forest. No sooner had he entered the Forest and screened himself from observation, than he suddenly turned into a partridge. All day he was lost to sight amid the dense foliage, but when evening came, he, in his natural shape, appeared with two deer at the door of the lodge. Every day he left the lodge at sunrise, and returned at sunset, bearing two deer. He ate but little, and that of some peculiar food, unknown to his wife and her mother. This circumstance, coupled with an indefinable mystery about him, convinced them that they had to do with a visitor from another sphere.

A few days had passed when the widow informed him that the Ogre of whom she had spoken would soon come prowling around to find out how long it would probably be before her son would be fit for a

victim. The young warrior replied that he should be absent on the occasion of the Ogre's visit, but should return as soon as it was over.

On the day when the Ogre was known to be coming, the young warrior retired to a lonely spot in the woods, and, transforming himself into a partridge, flew to the lodge and perched in an overhanging tree, just as the Ogre reached the place. The Ogre cast suspicious glances at the venison hung up to cure. "Woman," said he to the widow, "where does all this meat come from?" "My son," answered the widow, trembling for the boy, "is just beginning to hunt." "You lie!" thundered the Ogre, "some hunter dwells with you." "Ah me!" exclaimed the widow, "you mock me. Who cares enough for me to provide me with anything?" "I shall know," growled the Ogre, walking away, "whether you are speaking the truth, ere I come this way again."

Not long after Mudjee Monedo had disappeared from sight, the young warrior was observed approaching the lodge, bearing on his shoulders two deer. His wife and mother-in-law, ignorant of his presence at the interview with the Ogre, poured into his ears a long recital of what had occurred. "Very well," he replied, as soon as he could get a chance to be heard, "at the next visit I shall be at home, and myself receive the Ogre." They implored him not

to dream of such a thing, telling him of all the cruelties practised and murders committed by Mudjee Monedo. "I care not," was the reply; "if he should defy me to meet him in the race, I will not balk his humor. I will teach him that it had been better to show mercy to the vanquished, and kindness to the widow and the orphan."

On the morning of the day when Mudjee Monedo was again expected at the widow's lodge, the young warrior told his wife to prepare a certain food, into which he directed her to put some birch-buds which he handed her. He instructed both her and her mother to extend to the coming guest the welcome required by the laws of hospitality. He then attired himself in the full-dress of a warrior, intending to indicate by it and by his manner, that he was prepared for either friendship or enmity. Mudjee Monedo, approaching the lodge, cast a sidelong glance at the young warrior, as he whispered to the widow, "What did I say to you when I was last here?" The widow parried the remark by replying, "How could I have thought to conceal anything from a Magician?"

Mudjee Monedo turned to the young warrior, and addressing him, said: "Stranger, I invite you to my lodge, and if your limbs have not stiffened during the quiet life you have led here, mayhap you will

run a race with me on my famous course." The young warrior modestly replied that he had no great skill in running. "Aha!" tauntingly exclaimed the Ogre, "young and active as you are, you fear to measure your speed against an old man's. But," added he, changing his tone, and trying to appear amiable, which effort made him look more hideous than ever, "let us run, at least to amuse others." "Agreed," replied the young warrior. "As you are so anxious, let us race to-morrow."

Rejoiced at his success, Mudjee Monedo was easily prevailed upon to stay and take some refreshment. Only one dish was served, which, as was usual, was first tasted by the host. When the repast was nearly over, Mudjee Monedo raised to his lips the bowl in which it had been served, and drained to the last drop the broth remaining at the bottom. No sooner had he done so, than he was seized with a violent fit of coughing: a particle of one of the birch-buds, as had been designed, had lodged near his windpipe. He swelled and swelled, until he looked as though he would burst, and his flabby ashen face grew purple with coughing. Unable to utter a word, he reeled out of the lodge towards home, the malicious echoes mocking him all along the way.

The young warrior rose with the Sun. His first

care was to oil his limbs to make them supple. He then dressed himself in all the splendor of his war-dress, and attended by young Manedowa, presented himself before Mudjee Monedo's lodge. The neighboring people, having heard the news of the coming race, had flocked from all quarters, and now crowded a hillside opposite the eminence which was crowned by the lodge. Dark groups stood hushed in expectation of the coming scene.

As Mudjee Monedo and the young warrior approached the combined starting-post and goal, from which, as usual, dangled the gleaming knife, the former thus spoke: "When men race with me, they must abide the issue of our wager—Life against life." He gave his belt a twitch, and, unable longer to restrain his fiendish joy, uttered a yell that made the welkin ring, and glanced exultantly at the bleached track that encircled the beautiful blue lake.

"I am ready," replied the undaunted stranger, whose noble countenance wore an expression of perfect calm.

With a whoop for the signal of starting, Mudjee Monedo dashed off. Before ten yards were passed, however, the stranger had outstripped him. Mudjee Monedo, now exercising his magic power, changed himself into a fox, and, scouring past the stranger, left him far behind. But the stranger, now exercis-

ing *his* magic power, took the form of a partridge, and, with a loud whirr, rising into the air, alighted far beyond the fox, and resumed his natural shape. Mudjee Monedo was startled on discovering his adversary running on easily ahead. Muttering to himself, "Strange—this," he changed himself into a wolf, and again scoured by his adversary. As the wolf passed him, the stranger heard a whistling noise in its throat, and knew that the particle of birch-bud still stuck. Instantly the whirr of the partridge was heard overhead, and a voice from the air reached Mudjee Monedo's ear: "Aha! my friend, is this the best you can do?"

Mudjee Monedo felt his heart sink within him, as, looking ahead, he again saw the graceful form of the stranger speeding easily along. He quickly assumed the form of a reindeer, and passed the stranger. But again the whirr was heard overhead, and the partridge alighted far in advance of the reindeer, and the stranger was again seen ahead, speeding easily along. In the form of a buffalo (that in which the Ogre had generally finished his races), he now, with flaming eye and foaming mouth, tore past the stranger. Soon the partridge rose and passed high above the buffalo, whose desperate speed could not be maintained, and who, spent with fatigue, and ploughing along panting, with his tongue lolling out,

heard a voice from the air crying out: "Aha! my friend, is this the best you can do?" A moment more, and again the stranger led the race.

Mudjee Monedo answered not a word, until, as he was nearing the stranger, one short flight from the goal, he shouted, "Hold! a word with you." His adversary laughed sneeringly, and shouted over his shoulder, "When men race with me, they must abide the issue of our wager—Life against life." Then taking flight as a partridge, he alighted near the goal, and resuming his natural shape, ran for it. Mudjee Monedo almost halted in dismay as the people on the hillside sent up a joyous shout. Beautiful to behold was the youthful stranger, his lithe limbs plying under him, and his gorgeous war-plumes floating out far behind: he leaped at the goal, and seized the gleaming knife.

Slowly forward to his doom now paced the once dread Mudjee Monedo. "Spare my life," cried the dastard, and then murmured beseechingly to the victor, "Only let me live." Affecting to believe that the wretched boon had been granted him, he began to move stealthily away, when the victor addressed him thus: "Such mercy as you showed to others, that mercy shall be shown to you." One sweeping blow from the knife descended on the Ogre's neck, and his head, shorn from the shoulders,

bounded down the bank, and plunged into the depths of the lake below.

Sights too horrid to depict everywhere met the eye in the Ogre's den. In one room were found two serpents—the wife and child of Mudjee Monedo, who by nature had the same form. The knife which the stranger still grasped, severed their heads at two strokes. Brush-wood was piled around the lodge, and kindled; and soon to the four winds of heaven the lodge and all its contents were dispersed—save, amid the volumes of black smoke rolling along the ground, two fiery serpents, that were seen to escape into the bowels of the earth.

Followed by an immense concourse of people, the mysterious stranger, who was no other than Minno Monedo, the Good Genius, departed for his lodge, where, assembling the people, he taught them how to plant, to build, and to be happy. His beneficent mission ended, he bade farewell to his wife and to all the people, and seeming gradually to float away, was wrapt from their sight forever.



THE LYNX AND THE HARE.

QUENE day, in the dead of winter, when food was very scarce, a half-starved Lynx discovered a modest little Hare standing on a high rock in the woods, secure from any attack.

"Come down, my pretty one," said the Lynx, in an engaging tone, "I have something to say to you."

"Oh, no, I can't," answered the Hare. "My mother has often told me to avoid strangers."

"Why, you sweet little obedient child," said the Lynx, "I'm delighted to meet you, for, you must know, I am your uncle. Come down this instant and see me; I want to send a message to your mother."

The Hare was so much charmed with the affability of her pretended relative, and tickled at his praise, that, forgetful of her mother's injunction, she leaped from the rock, and was at once torn to pieces and devoured by the Lynx.



THE SCARLET SWAN.



MAN who had become disgusted with his fellows, deserted their society, and taking with him his wife and three infant sons, and all his worldly goods, thenceforth lived in solitude. He had forgotten how much all mankind are dependent on each other, and so, when he and his wife were at the same time removed by sudden death, the three boys were left friendless and destitute. They were, however, when that happened, old enough to help themselves, and from day to day, developing in body and mind, became skilful hunters and bold rangers of their wide domain.

They often debated whether it would not be well for one of them to go in some direction, to search for habitations, and try to get wives for all; but did not put the project into execution, for the reason that, sometimes, a brother would suggest that the one sent might never be able to return, sometimes that, as they had done so long without wives, they could manage to do without them to the end of their lives.

On a certain day the three brothers started out to hunt on a wager. Each was to kill an animal of the kind that he was most skilful in hunting, bring it to

the lodge, and prepare a dish of it: the one that was the most expeditious, to win the wager. Early in the morning they set out by different paths. Ojibwa, the youngest, had not long parted from his brothers, Shawano and Mudjekeewis, when he came across a bear, the animal which, by the terms of the wager, he was not to kill, but which, nevertheless, he did kill. Kneeling down, he began to skin it; when suddenly the whole air round about seemed tinged with red, and, at the same time, from afar came a plaintive sound, like the human voice. He rose and followed the sound, which became clearer and clearer as he advanced, until, as he was rising over the crest of a hill, a bewitching melody burst full upon his ear. Peeping over the crest, he saw, on the mirrored surface of a little lake, a beautiful scarlet swan, now floating motionless, and anon sailing gracefully to and fro, dipping its beak into the water. It was almost out of bowshot, but Ojibwa, thinking that by employing his utmost skill he could hit it, chose a fine arrow, and, taking deliberate aim, shot. He was not half so much surprised at missing, as that the swan, seemingly unconscious of danger, remained disporting itself on the water, and pouring forth what he now regarded as its death-song.

More deliberately still, with the second arrow he shot a little closer, and, with the third, pierced the

swan's neck. The bird's plaintive song ceased, and it rose fluttering, as if sorely wounded. Gradually, however, as it rose, the galling arrow disengaged itself from the wound; it increased in strength of flight, and winged its way off in a straight course, leaving the disappointed hunter gazing at it until out of sight.

Ojibwa possessed wonderful speed: he was the fastest runner of the three youths, although the others were very swift of foot. He could shoot an arrow straight before him, and run so fast that it fell behind him. No wonder, then, that it did not seem a very great feat to run a few miles to overtake the dying swan. He ran faster than a deer after the swan, over hills and valleys, and kept right on without tiring, until dusk. He was just considering where he should pass the night, when he heard the strokes of axes resounding through the Forest, and in a little while came out into the open country, and saw on a hill at a distance a pretty village. Going in that direction, he had approached unperceived, as he thought, to within fifty yards, when he heard the watchman of the village, who was stationed on an eminence, cry out: "A stranger comes this way." A shout from the village announced that the signal had been heard there, and advancing, he entered, and hailing the watchman, demanded the way to the lodge of the Chief. It was pointed out to him, and he soon pre-

sented himself at the door. The Chief politely invited him to enter and be seated beside his daughter. Turning to her, after looking at the young man's moccasins, which were much the worse for wear, he added: "When our *son-in-law* retires to rest, take his moccasins and mend them."

Ojibwa thought it a very strange proceeding on the part of the Chief, to try to marry him to the girl without consulting him. However, he thought it discreet to say nothing; and as, although she was pretty, he felt no fancy for her, he determined not to accept her, but to call for her on his return, and take her home as a wife for one of his brothers. Yet, although he did not care a fig for the girl, his vanity was hurt at observing that she did not seem to wish to secure him on any terms, but cast down her eyes, as though in shame at the way in which her father had attempted to thrust her upon him, and sat mute, and without the slightest sign of pleasure at his company. When he took off his moccasins, she examined them with so much indifference, and seemed so reluctant to mend them, that he snatched them out of her hand and put them away. If she had any intention of enticing him by affecting coyness, her scheme failed; for, when the time to retire came, flinging himself on his couch, he turned his back on her, and slept

soundly till morning, dreaming of the beautiful swan.

When he awoke early, he touched the girl gently on the shoulder, to rouse her. "What do you want?" said she sharply, as though she had been awake all the time; and then flounced around on the couch, and turned her back on him. "I want to know," he replied, "which way a scarlet swan, that passed over here, went. Come and show me." "Do you think you can catch it?" said the girl. "I do," replied Ojibwa. "Nonsense," she returned; "but if you are foolish enough to try, you may. Come." She rose sulky, and, accompanying him to the door, pointed out the direction that the swan had taken. He was so glad that, without troubling himself to thank the girl, he darted away and scoured over the country, like the wind. He never once paused nor slackened his speed, and, by nightfall, found himself near another village, from an eminence overtopping which he heard the watchman cry: "A stranger comes this way."

After receiving the watchman's direction to the lodge of the Chief, Ojibwa presented himself at the door, and was invited by the Chief to enter and sit down beside his daughter. Everything happened as on the previous night, the only difference that Ojibwa could perceive, being that the second girl was even

prettier than the first, and undisguised in her admiration for him. But, although she lavished her smiles upon him, he had no mind to accept her, but thought to himself, that he would call for her on his return, and take her to one of his brothers. As on the previous night, he, on retiring to his couch, turned his back on her, and went to sleep, and by daylight was afoot. Awaking her, he asked her which way the swan had gone. Her face saddened as she followed him to the door and pointed in a certain direction, adding: "Between noon and night." The poor girl let her head fall disconsolately on her bosom, as Ojibwa, without the slightest notice or reply, sprang from her side and sped over the country.

About mid-day, he thought to himself: "As this is the third day of my journey, perhaps I have lost some of my speed;" so, shooting an arrow ahead, he quickened his pace a little. The arrow fell far behind him, and now, perfectly satisfied that he was as fleet as ever, he continued his swift course. At dark he saw a twinkling light, which he knew must come from the open door or window of a lodge. Approaching the place cautiously, he peeped in, to find out whether he might safely ask a lodging of the inmates, and saw an old man seated before the fire, who, without looking around, said, just as though

he had seen Ojibwa through the dark, "Come in, my son, and rest yourself; you must be tired;" and added, as Ojibwa promptly appeared in the doorway, "Take off your damp clothes and dry them, while I prepare something for your supper." As Ojibwa seated himself and began to undress, he heard the old man say: "My pot stands by the fire," and was astonished to see a little earthen pot appear close to the flames. He now understood that his host was a Magician.

The Magician stooped over the pot and dropped into it a grain of corn and a whortleberry. Ojibwa, who felt a voracious appetite after his long day's run, thought to himself that he should have to postpone satisfying it, if the Magician provided such short commons as those; but he had the good grace to conceal his thought, which had hardly passed through his mind, when the pot began to simmer, and the Magician said: "My pot stands full, help yourself, my son;" and he saw it so full as to prop up the lid. He was hungry, and, without at first perceiving his ill manners, helped himself to the whole contents of the pot. Seeing then his mistake, he was stammering out an apology, when his host said, "Never mind, my son, eat your supper, I have had mine." Presently the Magician said, "Help yourself," and Ojibwa, glancing at the pot, saw that it was full to

the brim. Ojibwa helped himself to the whole of its contents, and when he had finished them, his host said for the third time, "Help yourself," and Ojibwa saw that the pot was as full as ever. He took all that was in it, saying, as he did so, that he had had enough, whereupon the Magician said, "My pot stands on the shelf," and Ojibwa lost sight of it for a moment, and saw it reappear on a shelf.

After Ojibwa had finished his supper, the old man encouraged him to speak freely about his adventures. When he had concluded his story, the old man said: "Listen, my son. Not far hence dwells a friend of mine, a Magician, to injure whom several Magicians belonging to a hostile tribe leagued together. On his head he wore a cap of wampum, fastened to his scalp. Knowing that he was desperately in love with the daughter of their Chief, these Magicians sent a message to him, as though from her, that she had taken such a violent fancy to his cap, that she felt sure she should die if he did not at once send it to her. My friend was so eager to gratify his mistress's whim, that he at once seized his cap and pulled it off, jerking his scalp off with it, and leaving his raw head exposed. The messengers of the Magicians, rejoiced at their success, hastened back, bearing the scalp. Ever since, it has been sent from village to village of the hostile tribe, hung on a

pole, around which the people shout and dance, making wry faces at it and insulting it. Although this happened many years ago, his head has not healed, but is as sore as ever. Worse than all, every time that the scalp receives an insult, its unhappy owner feels a twinge in the place where it ought to be. The combined Magicians are too powerful for our side. We cannot approach without our presence being perceived: you can; therefore your services are needed. By sunrise start again on your journey, and towards night you will, on hearing deep groans, know that you are drawing near the lodge of my friend. He will invite you to enter, will ask you to tell him your dreams, will beg you to attempt the recovery of his scalp. Fortify your heart with courage and prevail. I can say no more: when, by your constancy, you shall have proved yourself worthy, you will know all."

Ojibwa modestly replied, "So be it, it is enough: I will do my best."

By dawn the next morning Ojibwa had eaten breakfast and started again on his journey. Confident of winning the prize, and rejoiced at the prospect, his high spirits lent wings to his feet, which seemed scarcely to touch the ground. Lest, however, he might deceive himself as to the rate at which he was travelling, he stopped and shot an arrow

ahead, to test it. Before the arrow fell to the ground he had overtaken and outstripped it, and, looking back over his shoulder, he saw it fall in the distance. At dark he began to hear deep groans, and, going in the direction of the sounds, reached the lodge of the Magician. He found him in sad plight, holding his bloody head between his hands, groaning piteously, and lamenting his hard fate. "Sit down," said the old man. "Sit down," he repeated, sharply, as though Ojibwa had not minded him; and, angrily looking up, and seeing that he had, added more courteously, "Pray take a seat." The old man was silent for a minute or more, and then breaking silence with a sigh, said: "Ah me, I feel that your coming will be of no avail. Many have gone before. I have hoped too much to have any hope left. You will meet the fate of all that have preceded you." Here the old man groaned and fell silent. "But no," said he, with sudden animation, as he glanced at Ojibwa, "you are young, active, brave: my enemies will not be permitted always to triumph. Young man, break your fast from the pot before the fire, and when you have supped, tell me all the dreams that you have had within a week."

Ojibwa took off his moccasins and leggings and hung them up, and drawing closer to the fire, helped himself from a magic pot there, and ate his supper

as well as he could within hearing of the Magician, who, every time that he raised a morsel to his lips, uttered a deep groan. At length his keen appetite taxed the Magician too far, who could restrain his impatience no longer, and broke in with, "Ah! young man, I fear me from the way you relish your supper, you cannot feel the pity that would nerve you to encounter the danger of your enterprise." Here the Magician began to groan louder than ever, swaying to and fro, holding his sore head between his hands. "Indeed," replied Ojibwa, "you do me injustice: I do but repair my strength, the better to execute your commands." "True, true," rejoined the old man. "Good youth, I was hasty; you do well to eat heartily; you will need all your energies. Eat, then, as much as you please."

Ojibwa, after he had finished his supper, tried his best to recall all the dreams that he had had within a week, and meanwhile the old man drew up close to him and peered into his face. After some consideration he began the recital. At the conclusion of each dream the old man groaned and said, "No, no, that is not it: couldn't you dream something better than that?" Ojibwa at last got provoked, and was saying to himself, "Who the deuce are you, that I should tell my dreams at your request, if this is the thanks that I get for my pains!" when

he checked himself. The Magician, however, seemed to know what had passed through his mind, and said, soothingly, "Have you no more dreams?" "Yes," replied Ojibwa, "I have one more." "Tell it, by all means," said the Magician. Ojibwa told it, and the Magician sprang joyfully to his feet, crying, "That is it, that is it—that is the very thing." Suddenly he dropped on his seat, and clapped his hands to his head, moaning, and crying, "Oh, the wretches, they are insulting it this very instant! But I will be revenged on them yet," said he, reviving, and plucking up courage. "Young man, to-morrow you will go directly towards the west. In the first village on your path you will find the people dancing and making merry around my scalp. You will have the power to transform yourself into anything you please, so as to approach unseen and capture it. On your return, change yourself into a hawk, and give a shrill cry for a signal to me. I will hold my head out of the window, so that, the moment you arrive, you can restore my scalp to its proper place. And," he added, "my enemies would try in vain to get it again: I would defend it to the last drop of my blood."

Daylight saw Ojibwa afoot and ready to start. "Hold!" said the old Magician; "it is best for both of us that you should see the prize for which you have undergone so much fatigue, and are now about to risk

your life. He tapped gently on a partition that divided the lodge into two equal parts. A communicating door flew open and revealed a young girl of such transcendent beauty, that Ojibwa grew faint with delight. "Behold the Scarlet Swan!" said the Magician to the agitated young man, and the door closed slowly on the lovely vision. "For the chance of winning her hand," resumed the Magician to Ojibwa, who stood rooted to the ground, "many a warrior has cheerfully laid down his life. Think you not she is a prize for which the best and bravest might cheerfully peril all?"

"Old man," replied Ojibwa, "you say well: danger flies the path that leads to her;" saying which, he darted out of the lodge, and over the country, at an incredible speed. For several hours he rushed along at the same rate, until feeling that he must be approaching the scene of his adventure, he slackened his speed and at last fell into a slow walk, to gain time to think, so as to lay his plans with caution. Shortly before noon he heard in the distance the hum of many voices, and going slowly forward, came in full view of the village of which he was in search. Then he took advantage of every little hillock and clump of bushes to screen his advance, until, reaching a tall pine at the edge of the village, he climbed rapidly into its branches, and from his hiding-place

commanded a full view of the scene. In the centre of the village stood a pole, from which, swinging to and fro in the breeze, dangled the Magician's scalp, around which crowds of people were shouting and capering with delight. Ojibwa noticed that the wind blew from him towards the pole, and after a moment's pause, wished himself transformed into the down of a thistle. Instantly he felt himself become light as air. Wafting along the breeze, and sinking slowly towards the scalp, he rested fairly on it.

Meanwhile the dance continued, accompanied by shouts and insults directed at the scalp. All at once the attention of the people was arrested by a shrill scream from the direction of the pole, and looking up, they caught sight of a hawk bearing off the scalp in his clutches. The shouts hushed, and dancers and spectators ran wildly to and fro, picking up stones and throwing them at the bird, which barely escaped being struck during a few moments' desperate struggle to rise, when it swept along just out of reach. Then it soared on high, and was lost to sight amid the mad roar of the people.

As Ojibwa winged his way along, the angry sounds growing fainter and fainter in the distance, he rent the air with shrill cries of triumph, to notify the Magician of his approach. Soon he came in sight of the old man lolling half-way out of the

window, eager to have his scalp applied to his raw head. He alighted and resumed his natural shape; but in his haste to relieve the old Magician from his long misery, dealt him such a whack, that he knocked him into the lodge, heels over head, senseless. He leaped through the window, and propping the old man on his knee, strove to revive him, and soon had the pleasure of seeing signs of returning life. But what was his astonishment to see him, as he recovered, change from an old man into a young one of surpassing beauty, in whom he recognized a marvellous resemblance to the Scarlet Swan!

"You have my thanks," said the young Magician, rising with a majestic air, "for having delivered me from my long enchantment; although," added he, "your zeal liked to have sent me beyond the reach of suffering. Nobly have you earned your reward: your happiness shall not be delayed, nor your services remain long unrequited." Thus speaking, he turned towards the partition, and tapping it, the door flew open and disclosed the Scarlet Swan, radiant in beauty and smiles. "Sister," continued the Magician, "you see your future husband; are you content?" The Scarlet Swan, with an arch look stepped through the doorway, and taking Ojibwa's hand in hers, colored deeply as she cast down her

eyes and breathed softly the words, "None more so on earth." The whole air seemed to Ojibwa redolent of perfume, filled with the roseate hue of her blush, and tingling with the sweet accents of her voice. He caught her rapturously in his arms, pressed her to his bosom, but, as suddenly releasing her, exclaimed tenderly, "Forgive me; I could not speak."

The Magician looked on with a pleased smile at these transports. When they had ended, he motioned his sister to withdraw. When he and Ojibwa were once more alone, he said: "I cannot go with you, or I would, and it is not safe for you to stay. I must not, however, let my sister, who is very dear to me, depart without advice for her future guidance; nor you, to whom I owe so much gratitude, without some further token of my remembrance." So saying, he waved his hand courteously, as he retired to the other apartment of the lodge, whence he in a short time returned, leading in his sister. Taking from a chest various rich stuffs and precious jewels, he presented them to Ojibwa, and said: "This is my sister's dowry." Finally he placed his sister's hand in Ojibwa's, and conducting them to the door of the lodge, imprinted a kiss upon her brow, and turning to him, said: "If ever you need aid, seek me here, where I shall remain, unless my enemies prove again more powerful than I."

Ojibwa and his bride, linked lovingly together, left the door, and silently threaded their way through the fields, until lost in the misty blue of twilight; but when darkness came, he drew her close to his side and whispered, "O dearest, what joy to pass the night alone with thee beneath the starry canopy of heaven!" and she, nestling close to him, laid her head upon his shoulder, and answered by a gentle pressure of the hand.

The young couple stopped at the lodge of the friendly Magician who had directed Ojibwa on his journey, and there passed the next night. They were kindly welcomed and entertained; Ojibwa gave an account of his adventure, and in the morning was dismissed laden with presents.

Ojibwa, although he had doubts about the prudence of presenting himself at the villages through which he had passed, lest his appearance with his bride might be taken as an insult to the Chiefs and their daughters, finally made up his mind not to go out of his way, but to put a bold face on the matter, and stop and get the two girls for wives for his brothers. Accordingly, he entered the first village, and taking his bride by the hand, led her right up to the lodge of the Chief. As soon as the usual ceremonies were over, he laid at the feet of the Chief some of the gifts with which the Magicians had pre-

sented him. The Chief was so delighted at their variety and richness, that he redoubled the warmth of his reception. Then he said to Ojibwa: "My son, I see that you were in quest of another bride when I wished to give you my daughter, and that I made a mistake. If the brothers of whom you spoke resemble you at all, I am satisfied that one of them should possess her. She will go with you when you think proper to depart." Ojibwa glanced at the girl and caught her stealing a look at his beautiful bride, and then mournfully sighing and casting down her eyes. All would have been well, however, if it had not been for the interference of a booby who was in love with the Chief's daughter, although she had never given him the slightest encouragement to woo her: there is no town so small that it has not half a dozen such fellows. As Ojibwa was about to reply to the Chief, this youth blustered up, saying, "Who is this insolent fellow, that dares to come here with his presents, to take the pick of our girls for himself and his brothers. I am a better man than any of them." With that, he made a feint as if to stab Ojibwa with a long knife that he held. Ojibwa looked at him contemptuously from head to foot, as he swaggered, waiting for some one to hold him back, for he was an arrant coward; and then, turning towards the Chief, expressed his

thanks with dignified courtesy for the kindness with which he had been received and treated, and signified his intention of staying in the village that night, and of resuming his journey in the morning. The Chief replied that all he possessed was at the service of Ojibwa, and ordered him and his bride to be conducted to a handsome lodge, where they passed the night.

On the following morning Ojibwa and his bride, and the Chief's daughter, who seemed quite reconciled to the idea of getting one of Ojibwa's brothers for a husband, since she could not get him, started on their journey to the first village at which he had arrived in his pursuit of the Scarlet Swan. In the course of a week they reached the place, and Ojibwa entering, leading his bride by the hand, and followed by the girl, presented himself at the lodge of the Chief. Here his reception was not less gracious than it had been in the other village. He laid at the feet of the Chief some of the presents that had been given him by the Magicians, and the Chief, on examining them, became profuse in his expressions of good-will. The Chief requested the young man to tell the story of his late adventures, and at its conclusion informed him that his brothers had come as far as the village, searching for him, but had not had the courage to go beyond. Seeing how matters

stood with Ojibwa, he seemed to wish forgotten his attempt to force his daughter as a wife upon him. He remarked that, as Ojibwa had a wife for himself, and a wife for one of his brothers, he should be happy to crown his success by bestowing upon him his daughter for the remaining brother. In the morning the Chief and a large band of his warriors, dancing and shouting merrily, and shooting flights of arrows, escorted on their way the party composed of Ojibwa, his bride, and the two Chieftains' daughters. Not until late in the day did they bid the travellers farewell and return to their village.

After several days more travelling, Ojibwa and his party reached home. According to custom, the girls waited for him to advance and announce the arrival of strangers. He crept quietly up to the well-known lodge of his childhood, from which he had been absent not quite two months, but which he felt as though he had not seen for an age. Peeping through a crack, he caught sight of his brothers, one seated on each side of a dead fire—the picture of woe. In token of mourning they had smirched their faces with charcoal, sprinkled ashes on their heads, and scattered them over the floor. Mudjekeewis, in order to make his mourning more effective, had stuck a tuft of swan's down on top of his head, and looked like a great white-crested crow.


Ojibwa burst out laughing at the appearance of his brothers, who, startled at the sound, came running around the lodge, and met him going towards the door. After a greeting as affectionate as he could make it, for laughing, he in a few words informed them of all that was urgent for them to know, and having induced them hastily to scour off the signs of mourning, and put the lodge in order, went forth to summon the girls. When the girls entered, Shawano behaved with propriety; but Mudjekeewis, who was a great gawk, cast his eyes sheepishly away from the one destined for him, then suddenly looked at her and tittered, and began to say something, when he as suddenly clapped his mouth to, and sat as silent and grave as a judge till some new freak seized him. Shawano soon left the lodge with his mistress, to saunter with her through the Forest, and enjoy the pleasure of unrestrained intercourse. Mudjekeewis, looking up, and seeing that they had gone, broke into a broad grin, and leaping to his feet, said to his intended, "I will go shoot something nice for your dinner:" and off he went.

Need it be said how happy they were thenceforth? All that they had thought they needed to complete their happiness were wives: but they had more, they had good and lovely women for wives. Soon the prattle of children was heard in and around their dwell-

ings, and the lonely spot in the Forest became a paradise; and soon, around the place which the lodges occupied, sprang up the chief town of a country occupied by a great, warlike, and prosperous tribe, over which, by universal consent, Ojibwa ruled.



THE STORY OF HARKA.

“OUR mother and I are both tired,” said a hunter, on returning from the chase, to his youthful son, Harka, “so do you go to the spring for water.” “It is so dark, I am afraid,” replied the youth. “Don’t be a coward,” rejoined the father; “the darkness won’t hurt you.” But for all that his father and his mother could say, the youth obstinately refused to go, and his father had to go himself.

Harka bitterly repented his refusal; for the story getting wind, he was so teased about his conduct as to make his life miserable. Now, he was by no means a coward; he felt a timidity about going out in the dark, for which he could not account even to himself: he feared nothing in particular, only some unknown beings with which his imagination peopled the darkness. So, when he found that through his folly he had earned a reputation that he did not deserve, he said to himself: “There is but one way for me to gain a better one; I will do what no one else dares attempt; I will seek and destroy, in the fastnesses of his island-home, the dread Pahundootah, the Sorcerer, the terror of the whole land.”

Having fully made up his mind, he, one morning, bright and early, quietly sauntered forth from the lodge of his parents, and entering a glade in the Forest, shot an arrow with all his might and main. He walked steadily forward, and at nightfall found the arrow in the heart of a deer. He supped heartily from a haunch of it, slept soundly, and the next morning shot another arrow, which, by night, he as before found in the heart of a deer. Thus he journeyed for four days, but on the evening of the fifth, found himself without food, because he had been so careless as to leave his arrows sticking in the deer. He threw himself on the ground, hungry, tired, and despondent. He had not lain there long before he was startled by a hollow, rumbling noise, and, springing up, he saw a gaunt female figure stalking along with a staff. It was going from a lake to a lodge, neither of which, strange to say, had he before seen. Something there was so weird about the figure, that he approached it cautiously. Great was his horror and dismay, when within a few paces, to find himself face to face with the terrible Witch, Wokonkatonzoeyepekahaitchee. Her face was long, bony, bearded, hook-nosed, and fierce-eyed; her staff shod with a baby's skull, and tipped with birds' heads and claws; and her cloak made of women's scalps, with long flowing hair. As the young man stood horrified, gazing at her, she

twitched her staff and cloak, and instantly the birds' heads chirped and sang, the scalps flew up and down, venting shrill screams of laughter, and the Witch, with shrieks and yells, joined in the infernal chorus. It rose and fell in fitful blasts, until the young man could with terror have sunk to the earth. Suddenly it ceased, and the Witch said in a soothing tone as her hoarse voice could command: "Enough! thy courage suffices. I know thou seekest the life of Pahundootah, the Red Head: so do I, therefore we are friends. Follow me." The young man, plucking up courage, followed the Witch to the lodge by the shore of the lake. "Enter," said she, leading the way. She laid aside her staff and cloak, which movement set the birds' heads to singing and the scalps to laughing, the Witch chiming in as if she could not resist the influence. "I am," she resumed, turning towards the young man, after she had divested herself of her outer apparel, "the dire enemy of Pahundootah, and will put into thy hands the means to destroy him. Approach." While speaking she had taken from a chest a leaden comb, a blade of sword-grass, a golden goblet, and a woman's dress of beautiful shape and texture. She now passed the comb through the young man's locks, and every time she did so, they grew longer and longer, glossier and glossier, until they swept like a golden mantle

down to his knees. Then she assisted him to put on the beautiful dress, and placed in his girdle the blade of sword-grass. Finally, she handed him the glittering golden goblet. "Listen," said she; "thou wilt depart now, and by morning reach the shore of the lake, opposite the island on which Pahundootah, with his followers, dwells. Approach it, and with the goblet dip water from the lake. Thou wilt be seen from the island, and Pahundootah, coming to seize thee as his victim, will yield himself captive to thy charms. He will woo and propose to wed thee. Thou wilt consent to be his bride, and wilt seize the first opportunity to cut off his head with the charmed blade of sword-grass which thou bearest in thy girdle. Speed away."

By sunrise the next morning Harka had reached the shore opposite the island on which was the Sorcerer's abode. Drawing the golden goblet from a fold in his dress, he stooped and dipped water from the lake. The Sun's rays striking on it sent a golden gleam, like a meteor's, across the water. He could perceive on the island a stir as of people moving. Soon a canoe shot out from shore, and swept towards him, propelled by many paddles. As it drew near, he could see by its lofty prow, curved staunchly like a galley's, by its gay streamers, and by the number of its rowers, that it must be Pahundootah's. It

touched the strand, and Pahundootah rose from his seat, and, shading his eyes with one hand, gazed with admiration upon the lovely vision before him. Harka almost quailed before the Sorcerer's baleful glance; but, summoning up his courage to succeed or die, cast down his eyes and counterfeited the bearing of a modest, pretty maiden. The Sorcerer, a brawny Giant, whose shock head of hair stood erect from his crown like a red dahlia's petals, paused for a few moments, while he still gazed in rapture ere he spoke. "Beauteous damsel," sighed he at length, "the light that heralded thy presence pales before that of thine eyes. Enter my canoe, and I will bear thee where, in these loving arms thou wilt, pass thy life in bliss." Harka cast a doubtful glance at the canoe, the ribs of which were formed of rattlesnakes, whose heads peered hissing above the sides. At a word from their master, they were mute, and Harka sprang lightly into the canoe, and seated himself beside the Sorcerer.

As soon as the party had landed on the island, the most splendid preparations were made to celebrate the nuptials. The rugged brow of the Giant Sorcerer was smoothed, and his servile attendants ransacked their invention to please him by every device that could contribute to the splendor of the festival. All seemed overjoyed, save one, the Sor-

cerer's mother. She, with scowling face, had been for some time suspiciously regarding Harka. At last she drew her son aside, and whispered: "Art thou blind, or art thou mad, that thou dost not see this is no girl? Infatuated man, canst thou not see, despite the pretty face and long hair, the expression, the glance, the whole port are a man's." "Folly! folly!" replied the son, trying to escape from his mother. "What old woman's tale is this thou bringest me." "Folly, indeed!" cried the now infuriated old woman; "bitterly, if thou dost not heed me, wilt thou repent thine—thou *art* a man, I say it to thy face," she shrieked at Harka, who had been watching the by-play between her and her son, and had seen that it boded him no good. This was the hardest trial that he had had to endure. Although so nearly thrown off his guard as to betray his disguise, he was nerved by desperation to make an effort for his life, if not for success in his enterprise. Feigning deep indignation, therefore, he rose from his seat, and meeting undismayed the stormy glances of the Sorcerer's mother, slowly bent his steps towards the point at which he had landed. Pahundootah, casting a withering glance of scorn at her, followed Harka, and protested that he bore no share in her misconduct. Harka at last consented to take the Sorcerer's arm, and thus they sauntered

far away from the intended scene of revelry. As the shades of evening were deepening, they found themselves reclining on a lonely shore, washed at their feet by the ripples of the lake. Then Harka contrived to get the Sorcerer's head in his lap, and gently caressing him, lulled him into slumber. He lost not a moment, but stealthily drawing the blade of sword-grass from his girdle, with a single cut severed the Sorcerer's head from his shoulders, leaped to his feet, seized the head by the hair, and springing into the water, swam over to the mainland. As he reached shore, he knew by the flitting of lights on the island, that search was being made for them, and then, by a faint wail, that the body had been found, when he hurried on faster than ever.

The Witch received Harka with delight, and extolled his bravery to the skies. He would gladly have tried to rid the world of her, had he not considered himself in honor bound not to attempt her life. "Return," said she, "to thy tribe. Henceforth thou wilt be reckoned the bravest of the brave." Harka lost not a moment's time, but hastened back, bearing the head of the Sorcerer. As some boys, a few days afterwards, caught sight of him entering the village, they set up a shout of derision, but soon smothered it as they beheld the grim trophy that he carried. The air rang with the acclamations

of the people, as they thronged around to greet the youth who had been afraid of the dark, but had lived to prove himself the bravest warrior of his tribe.




THE WHITE-FISH.



VIXENISH dame had been laid in her grave, and, as her husband and two sons fondly imagined, rested in peace. But, not satisfied with having tormented them during her life, she haunted them after her death. Alone or together, afield or indoors, from eve to morn, they could not count on a moment's repose; at every point at which they happened to look, she appeared gibbering and mowing at them. At last they could no longer bear the infliction, but hastily collecting their scanty stock of valuables, deserted their home. Journeying along the shores of Lake Superior, by day hunting, by night resting,—if resting it could be called, in the presence of their tormentor, who nightly appeared in her most hideous guise,—at dusk one evening they reached the Falls of St. Mary. They were debating how to cross the river, when they caught sight of the Ghost flitting towards them along the beach. A stately Crane stood on a rock amid the rapids. "Grandfather," the fugitives with one voice shouted, "help us to escape this evil Spirit." The Crane must have been a powerful Wizard in disguise, for no sooner had he heard this appeal, than

stretching up to an immense height, he turned slowly, as on a pivot, and lowered his head so that they could reach it. When they had clambered up on his neck, and were secure in their places, he said: "Take care you don't touch the sore spot on the back of my head, or I shall flinch and toss you all into the rapids," and turned slowly around, and set them down safely on the opposite side of the river. The Crane had hardly resumed his former position, and shrunk to his usual size, when the Ghost appeared, and squeaked: "Grandfather, help me across, to catch my ungrateful runaway husband and children." The Crane stretched up, then lowered his neck, and uttering the same caution that he had given to those whom he had already ferried over, took her on his neck, and was turning around, when her curiosity got the better of her discretion, she touched the sore spot on his head, and he gave a violent start and tossed her into the rapids. "There," cried he; "henceforth you will be of some use." As she was dashed to pieces on the rocks a pale film spread through the waters, from which hatched fish which have ever since been reckoned among the daintiest of that region.

THE HUNTER THAT JOURNEYED TO THE HOME OF THE SUN.

 HERE was a young hunter who lived far north, where the winters are long and cold. A dark Forest of pine trees covers the land, and for nearly the whole year the ice and snow remain on the mountains. Corn cannot grow there, and one must be a skilful hunter always to have plenty of food. But the young man, I speak of, was skilful, and every day he went forth into the gloomy Forest, with his quiver full of arrows, and his dog by his side, and every evening he returned loaded with game.

The reason why he was so diligent and so brave was that he loved a certain young maiden of the tribe, and he wished to show her parents that he was worthy of her, and could always support her. The maiden also loved him, and was happy in the thought that her parents approved of her choice, and had consented that after a certain time she should become his wife.

As the wedding-day approached, the young hunter determined to make a long journey to a lake where he could fill his canoe with wild-fowl, and supply the meat for his wedding-feast. He set forth,

and after being absent a number of days, returned with his canoe filled with ducks and geese. As he approached the lodge where the maiden lived, he saw that it was closed and deserted. Her father and mother approached him in tears, and told him that, during his absence, she had suddenly sickened and died. Just at the moment of his arrival they were returning from the hillside where they had left her body.

The young hunter was plunged in melancholy: all his hopes were destroyed, and the world seemed at once to lose its beauty and brightness. He turned from his friends who had gathered around to console him, and went off alone into the woods, to conceal his grief and indulge it in solitude.

As he was wandering under the fir-trees, hardly knowing what he was doing, or where he was going, he saw, seated on a fallen trunk, one of the oldest and wisest men of the tribe, who had often aided him with good advice in hunting and fishing. A sudden thought flashed across the young hunter's mind.—“Perhaps this wise old man can even tell where the spirit goes after death, and then the maiden may still be found?” Approaching him, he related the sad event that had just occurred, and inquired what had become of her whom he so dearly loved,

and with whom, but a few days before, he had passed such happy moments.

"You ask a hard question," replied the old man, "but I will tell you what our forefathers have handed down to us. When the body dies, the spirit, which has the appearance of the breath you blow on a frosty morning, leaves it, and journeys to the Home of the Sun. There it will remain until a great flood shall come and wash the world clean, when the spirits of all those who have been good and brave shall return to their bodies, and live a long and happy life."

"And where," said the young hunter, "is the Home of the Sun?"

"It is in the far south," replied the old man, "where you see the Sun loves to retire in winter, when it is cold."

The hunter thanked his old friend, and returned to his village. Without mentioning to any one his design, he determined to journey to the Home of the Sun, and either bring back the maiden, or live there with her. He therefore provided himself with dried venison enough for a long journey, and calling his trusty dog, secretly set out that night, going in a direction opposite to that of the north star. By sunrise he was far on his journey south.

He continued walking rapidly all day. Towards

night he had reached a strange land, such as he had never before seen. The Forest was thick, and of many kinds of trees; the meadows were covered with rich grass, and the brooks lined with pretty flowers. In one of the pleasant groves he built a fire, and calling his dog to his side, lay down and slept soundly the night through.

The next day, and the next, and the next, he pursued his course without slackening his speed. Every day the Sun seemed to grow nearer and warmer. The woods became filled with birds of bright plumage, which sang pleasant notes, as if to encourage him; the trees spread over him dark green leaves of strange and beautiful forms, as if to protect him from the mid-day heat; and the flowers he trod under foot flung around him their many-colored leaves and sweet odors. He regarded all these as signs that he must be drawing near the Home of the Sun and the Happy Hunting Grounds, about which the old man had spoken.

Near sunset on the fourth day, he saw before him a high hill on which was a small lodge. In front of the lodge was sitting an old man, withered with age, but still apparently active. He beckoned to the hunter to approach, who was very glad to meet some one from whom he might inquire his way. As he came near, the old man said: "You

need not explain to me the object of your journey: I know where you wish to go, and I will give you advice how to proceed. You are now at the end of the world: on the other side of this hill is the great river which separates the land on which men live from the Home of the Sun."

"And how can I get across it?" interrupted the impatient youth.

"I will tell you," replied his adviser. "There are two ways. In one part the river is narrow, deep, and very swift. There a single, slender trunk of a tree is stretched from one bank to the other, over which you would have to walk. If you are worthy to be admitted to the Home of the Sun, this would not be difficult; but if unworthy, then, no sooner would you be in the middle of the bridge, than the log would suddenly turn into a gigantic snake, which would shake you off of its slippery back, and you would fall into the water and be hurried away by the roaring current. In another part the river is wide and shallow, in fact a lake. There you will find a canoe which would carry you across, if you are fit to go; but if not, it would sink in the middle of the lake, and your feet would be caught in the quicksands, so that you could never gain either shore."

"Well," said the young man, "to-morrow morning I will try the canoe."

He passed the night in the lodge, and, early the next morning, crossed the hill to the shore of the lake. Many canoes were along the shore, but they were all cut out of stone, and had neither sails nor paddles. They were fastened to the shadows of trees by ropes of sand. Every few moments one would of its own accord shoot out over the water. At first the hunter thought that they carried no passengers, but on looking more closely, he saw shadowy forms sitting in them, like those little clouds of mist we can make with our breath on a frosty morning.

Summoning his courage and calling his trusty dog, the hunter entered one of the canoes, and touched the rope of sand. In an instant it fell to pieces, and the boat shot out into the lake. As it sped swiftly through the still waters, he saw around him the heads of many unfortunate beings, just above the surface. They were those of persons whose canoes had sunk, and whose feet becoming fastened in the quicksands, had to remain in that sad plight forever. He saw in the distance the shore of an island covered with drooping verdure and many-colored flowers: this he rightly supposed was the Home of the Sun. He reached it in the afternoon. The sand along the beach was bright as beads of wampum; sweet odors were wafted from the hills, by gentle winds; and over the whole

hung continually a brilliant rainbow. Cornfields that needed no cultivation showed ripe, golden ears among their long green leaves. Game of all sorts wandered through the Forest, birds sang, and rich fruit hung in clusters among the boughs. This was the delightful home of those good people that had always been brave warriors, diligent hunters, and industrious wives and daughters.

But the young hunter paid little attention to all these beauties, for he saw standing on the shore, ready to receive him, the maiden he loved. Springing from the canoe as it touched the strand, he hastened to her, and folded her in his arms. She returned his embrace, and told him that the Spirit of the Sun was awaiting his arrival. It was now nearly sunset, and the Sun, who kindly lights and warms men during the day, comes every night to pass the time in this delightful home.

They therefore walked in pleasant converse through the odorous groves, to the lodge of the Ruler. This was on a lofty mountain, from which one had a view of the whole land. The Spirit soon came, and received the young man kindly, and told him why he had been permitted to succeed in his unusual journey.

“No man,” said the Sun Spirit, “has ever before come here in his mortal body, and no Spirit has ever

returned to the tribe. I learned that, for this reason, my children, especially the young men, were coming to disbelieve that there are any Happy Hunting Grounds, or that any care is necessary during life, in order that they may enjoy this pleasant abode. You, for your boldness, your worth, and for the true love you bear this maiden, I deemed proper to encourage and to allow to see the Land of Spirits. For one Moon you may stay with your loved one, and then you must return to your village and tell your companions what you have seen and learned. And in order that they may show me that they do not forget me, let them build a fire for four nights on the grave of each one that dies. Do not grieve at being obliged to return to your village: in a few years you shall come back to this pleasant land to stay with her you love, forever."

When the young hunter heard this, he bowed his head, and thanked the Spirit of the Sun for his kindness. He passed the allotted month with his love, and then returning north to his native village, carefully told his tribe all that he had seen and learned. This is why, to this day, whenever one of them dies, the friends build for four nights a fire on the grave.

MOTHER KWAY AND HER BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER.



NEAR the Sand Dunes, on Lake Michigan, lived an old Witch, called Mother Kway, who had a most beautiful and discreet daughter. Every one admired the girl's excellent gifts, and indeed hardly too much could be said in their praise. Mother Kway took it into her head, on this account, that every one was conspiring to steal the girl, shut her up in a box, and moored it off in the lake by a long string. At night she tied the string fast to her big toe, so that if anybody interfered with the box, she could feel a nibble. In the morning she pulled the box ashore, seated her daughter on a rock, combed her long golden hair, and then shoved her off again into the lake.

One morning, as the girl sat on the rock, with her golden hair streaming over her shoulders, a young man who had fallen in love with her at first sight, and often passed that way to catch a glimpse of her, modestly seated himself a short distance off, and said to the old woman: "Will you not give me your daughter in marriage? With me she will be safe, and you at ease, and we may all be ever so happy together." The old Witch, turning on him

her forbidding countenance, replied: "Give you my daughter, *you!* — Are you a Prince?" The young man was so wounded at this savage reply, that, without saying a word, he gave one long look at the girl, and pursued his way by the shore of the lake. He told his uncle, with whom he lived, the story of his love and of the slight he had received. His uncle consoled him by remarking that, what can't be cured must be endured, one shouldn't cry over spilt milk, there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and by repeating sundry other wise sayings invented for the relief of the unfortunate. While the uncle was uttering these words of wisdom, and the nephew grieving as though he did not feel their full weight, powerful allies, of whom they knew nothing, had determined to befriend them. The Spirits that dwell on the shores of the lake were displeased with the conduct of old Mother Kway, and had agreed to punish her. They raised a strong wind, which lashed the waves, drove the box from its moorings, and drifted it out of sight. It stranded at a place across the lake, where no one lived but a weazen old man, named Ishwon Daimeka, who, seeing it tumbling through the surf, hobbled down to the beach, hauled it ashore, and let out the maiden. There she was forced to remain, and for the sake of a home, to marry the old man.

When Mother Kway found that her daughter had been swept away by the storm, she set up such a long and dismal howling as to destroy the comfort and move the compassion of the Spirits, who at last raised another storm to bring her daughter back. The wind caused the tide to rise on the shore where the girl was living, who, to save herself from drowning, leaped into the box. No sooner had she done so, than the wind shifted and blew her straight across the lake, to the dwelling of her mother, who was rejoiced at getting her back, safe and sound, but was shocked at finding that all her beauty was gone. Just at the moment, it so happened, that the rejected lover, passing by, stopped, attracted by the scene. Recognizing him, Mother Kway called out, "You asked me for my daughter's hand in marriage; I have been thinking it over, and have made up my mind to grant your request." "Your daughter," he replied, "*I* marry your daughter, *I*!—Is she a Princess, to make up for her want of good looks!" So old Mother Kway was fain to take her daughter home: but she was no longer under the necessity of keeping her in a box; nobody wanted her. All of which goes to show that female charms overprized and hoarded may fail of a market at last.

THE LINNET AND THE EAGLE.



ONCE upon a time all the birds of the air assembled to contest the prize for strength of wing. Most of them rose swiftly from the ground, but the number ascending became gradually fewer and fewer, until but one bird remained, that was as a dark moving speck against the sky. By the time that it had disappeared, the other birds had re-assembled on the ground, and, gazing upward, they saw it reappear and grow into the Eagle, which, alighting, claimed the prize. Scarcely had he done so, when the Linnet appeared in the air, and, alighting, claimed to have surpassed the Eagle, because being perched on the back of the Eagle when nearest to the Sun, he had flown off and risen still higher.

But the common sense of the birds was not to be so cheated, and they all declared the Eagle to be doubly entitled to the prize; for he had not only risen to the greatest height, but, in so doing, had borne the Linnet on his back. So, to the Eagle, which had always been considered the bravest of birds, was awarded the prize for strength of wing, and ever since then his plumes have been reckoned appropriate emblems of both strength and courage.

THE THREE MAGIC ARROWS.



THREE brothers with their wives and children lived peacefully in a little settlement in the Wilderness, when it entered the hearts of the two eldest to covet the beautiful wife of the youngest. Having no real grievance against him, the two wicked brothers sought a pretext, and he was so unlucky as to give them one.

One day a beautiful swan alighted in a lake near their dwellings, and the youngest brother shot at it, expending fruitlessly all the arrows in his quiver. He ran home, and in the absence of his brothers, and without their leave, took from his deceased father's magic pouch, three magic arrows, which were the joint property of the sons; and again finding the swan, followed it until it disappeared below a cliff overlooking a broad stream. Exhausted with his exertions, he threw himself upon the ground, and peering over the cliff, thought he could discern at the bottom, across a sandy beach, the tracks of the bird. Thinking, as he could not see it on the water, and had not seen it rise from below the cliff, that it must have alighted on and traversed the beach and taken refuge in the tall sedge at the edge of the

stream, he fitted one of the magic arrows to the bow-string, and shot it at the tracks, to mark the spot before descending, and going some distance along the cliff, came to a place from which he reached the bottom. There he was astonished to find neither tracks nor arrow, and with much labor regained the point from which he had shot, thinking that he could certainly see the arrow from the place whence it had before been so plainly visible. He was mistaken, however; it seemed to have vanished. He sat for some time considering what it would be best to do, and then thought, as Shakespeare, who knew what men think on every occasion, made one of his characters think and say:—

“In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight,
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both.”

The youth had never read Shakespeare, but he thought as nearly as possible what I have told you, and shot an arrow as nearly as he could in the direction which he imagined the other to have taken. It struck and quivered in the beach, and near at hand appeared the other arrow. He now joyfully descended to regain them both, but not a trace of either could he find. He clambered up the height and

scanned every foot of ground below : naught could he see. He slowly fitted his last arrow to the string, and shot it away at the beach. True to its direction it alighted and quivered in the sand, and the other arrows at once appeared. Nothing doubting of his success now, he carefully examined their position, and swiftly descended to the beach. Judge his amazement—the arrows had disappeared. His heart sank within him as he wandered to and fro seeking for them, until his footsteps formed a network in the sand. Night found him still wandering to and fro, and when he could no longer see, he laid himself down on the beach, and propping his head against the cliff, fell fast asleep.

At daylight he resumed his search ; but all in vain : the arrows were lost. He now began to realize what he had done. The capture of the swan would have diverted his brothers' attention from his fault. Now, as both swan and arrows were gone, what could he say in his defence ? how should he dare present himself before his brothers ? He was very sorry for what he had done, and ashamed to show his face at home, but he determined to return, acknowledge his fault, and beg for forgiveness. He carried out his good resolution, but failed to obtain pardon : day after day his brothers taunted him with having stolen the arrows. He for a long time bore their ill treatment,

but at last his patience giving way, he hastily promised to go forth into the world to search for the arrows, and never to return without them. Now, the very thing that the two wicked brothers wished was to get rid of him: they would willingly have sacrificed the arrows to secure that. So, after he had made his rash promise, they gave him no peace with their reproaches for not keeping it. Seeing it were vain longer to contend against fate, he slowly and sadly departed. He had made up his mind, and had in secret told his wife of his intention, to go to the lodge of a friendly Magician, and seek his counsel and aid in the strait in which he found himself.

"I know for what you seek me," said the friendly Magician, on the appearance of the youth. "You must go to the Spiritland of the Buffaloes, whose Chief is the guardian of all arrows shot on earth. To guide your course, take this flint, which by turns will grow hot or cold, as you approach or recede from the place. When it burns, so that you can no longer hold it, your journey is ended. Farewell, there is no time to lose; your steps hitherward have lagged."

The youth seized the flint, and as though it had imparted speed to his limbs, darted off like lightning. He flew over the country, now here, now there, until the warning flint showed him the direction that he should take, and he vanished from the Magician's

sight. Without halt he scoured the earth until noon of the third day, when the burning flint escaped his grasp; he dropped exhausted on the ground, and fell into a deep sleep.

When he awoke, night had far advanced. Looking about, he saw, close by, the jagged outline of a cavern's mouth, aglow in its depths with pale mysterious light. Rising, he approached it, and casting a glance beyond and downward, saw a boundless prairie threaded by bright rivers, on which were grazing countless herds of Buffalo. He advanced boldly and descended to the plain, none of the beasts seeking to molest or stay him, when suddenly uprose before him a gigantic skeleton Buffalo, who addressing him, said: "I am the Chief of these Spirits. What seekest thou in this land, peopled by the arrows of thy race?"

"I seek," replied the youth, "the three magic arrows of my father, which were never used against you. I purpose to do your race no harm, but, by restoring them to my brothers, to regain their love." "Take what is thine own, and never mind the rest," said the Chief of the Spirit Buffaloes, presenting him with a single arrow. He extended his hand and received it, saying, "Give me also my brothers' arrows, I pray you." The Chief paused for a moment

ere he replied, "Thou wilt find them where they belong. Thine errand is done, now begone."

The youth retraced his steps to the entrance of the cavern and emerged into broad day. Looking back, the next instant, towards the cavern's mouth, it had disappeared, and in its place towered a dark crag. Turning his steps towards home, and using his utmost speed, he reached there in three days' time. What was his amazement and horror to find his lodge deserted, his brothers lying on the floor weltering in their blood, pierced to the heart with the two magic arrows! He rushed into the Forest, shouting the name of his wife. Soon, at a distance, he distinguished groups approaching, and the little community was gathered around him. Then he learned that, soon after his departure, his brothers, deserting their families, had besieged his wife with offers of marriage, telling her that he would never return, for he was pledged to perform an impossible task. She had driven them from her presence, but stifling shame, they had frequently renewed their offers. At last, despairing of getting rid of them otherwise, she had made up her mind to fly, when both of them, suspecting her design, without concert entered her lodge. Hardly had they crossed the threshold when they fell dead at her feet, slain by two mysterious arrows. She now in terror fled into

the Forest, and joined the wives and children of the wicked brothers, who long before, to escape cruel treatment, had concealed themselves there. He soothed the distress of his wife and the others, and folding her to his bosom, gratefully led the way towards home.

The two wicked brothers were buried as if they had been the worthiest of their race, and although sadness long rested on the little community, yet time, which assuages all grief, at last relieved the drooping spirits of the sufferers. The two widows eventually found good, brave husbands; the children of their previous marriage grew up unlike their fathers; and in the new condition of things, in which the community was joined by other settlers, it put on a smiling face, and its sorrows were buried in oblivion.



WASSAMO, THE FIRE PLUME.



WASSAMO, a beautiful youth, lived with his parents in a village situated near the eastern shore of Lake Superior. There nature had generously supplied all the simple wants of the people, who roved without care, enjoying the pure air and lovely scenery of the country. One day his mother asked him to get his cousin to accompany him, and to go to a distant point on the lake, to fish. Pleased at the prospect of good sport, he promptly replied that he should be glad to go, and getting his cousin, they took a canoe, and by evening had reached the fishing-ground, a short distance from shore, just opposite the great Sand Dunes.

Wassamo's cousin, who was grown up, whereas Wassamo was a mere youth, directed as well as assisted the casting of the net. That finished, they landed and made a little birch-bark shelter for the night, and threw themselves down beside it on the beach, to watch the floats of the net. Not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the lake, and the bright moonlight enabled them distinctly to see, off in the water, the long curved line of floats, looking like the knobbed backbone of some skeleton sea-

serpent. Becoming engaged in conversation, however, they forgot to keep an eye upon the floats, when Wassamo, suddenly recollecting and looking for them, exclaimed, "Why, cousin, our floats are almost all under water; we must have a splendid catch of fish; let's go haul in." They went off to the net, and on hauling it in, were rejoiced at finding the meshes full of fish. On getting it aboard the canoe, they discovered that they had had such good luck that it was hardly worth while to set the net again. However, they set it, and then, laughing and shouting delightedly, paddled the canoe slowly ashore, unloaded it, and began to prepare to pass the night.

"Wassamo," said his cousin, "I have had the most work in fishing, so you ought to cook supper for both." "I'm agreed," replied Wassamo; "but while I'm boiling the fish for our supper, tell me a story, or sing me a love song." "Oh! I'm tired and sleepy," answered Wassamo's cousin, gaping and yawning; "it will take too long to tell a story, and as for love, why, as I have no faith in it, I don't know any love songs. If you would like, I will sing you a song about love, that is not a love song." Wassamo accepted the offer, and the crackling of dry sticks in the flames was soon heard as he stirred about the fire, while his cousin, seating himself, and hemming

twice or thrice to clear his throat, broke the stillness of the night with the following song:—

Gently, in a bark, by moonlight,
A youth and maiden glide along,
Waking the echoes of the night,
With joyous laugh and tender song.

Guard ye, fair youth and maiden bright,
From love and vows beneath the Moon,
The love has ever proved but light,
The vows have broken but too soon !

The song now hushed and hushed the jest,
To view are lost two forms reclined,
A head now pillows on a breast,
Two arms about a waist are twined ;

A voice says, " Dearest, lend thine hand,
And hear the solemn vow I make,
Within the bounds of Fairyland,
Beneath the moonlight on the lake."

The new Moon sees the same bark pass,
Along the self-same fairy shore,
But in the lovers twain, alas !
Sees only one she saw before.

"It 's pretty much the same when there is no moonlight," added Wassamo's ungallant cousin, dumping himself on the ground, and laying his cheek on the palm of his hand. Wassamo, soon

glancing at him, saw that he had fallen asleep. He then set earnestly to work to finish his cooking, replenished the fire, and stirred the pot. At last, when he thought that the fish were done, he took the pot off the fire, and setting it on the ground, began to skim off the grease on the broth. The Moon, at this moment being hidden behind some clouds, and the fire, about to die, flickering and casting long shadows hither and thither, Wassamo could not see what he was about, so he untied his garters, and made with them a fillet around his brow, and into it thrust a flaming piece of twisted bark. As, absorbed in his occupation, he stooped over the pot, to skim it, the bark torch lighting his beautiful features, which formed the centre of a bright halo, he thought that he heard a merry laugh. Looking in the direction, he could discover nothing, but feeling sure that some one must be near, he called softly to his cousin, "Get up; there is some one round here: let's find out who it is." But his cousin was sound asleep, and did not stir. As Wassamo turned from him, he again heard the merry laugh, and peering around, saw just on the edge of the halo, two beautiful female faces smiling upon him. He now stooped over his cousin, and nudged him, saying in an earnest whisper, "Get up, get up; there are two girls here." His cousin turned over with a snort, and

was again buried in the profoundest sleep. Wassamo sprang to his feet, and advanced alone towards the girls, bearing with him through the darkness the radiance above his head. But although he advanced quickly, he did not seem to gain upon the girls: two beautiful smiling faces and graceful forms seemed to hover just on the verge of the halo, and recede as he advanced. Perplexed at the strangeness of the sight, and provoked at the conduct of the girls, he opened his mouth to speak, when, in an instant, all his faculties seemed benumbed, and he fell fainting to the ground.

When he came to himself and opened his eyes, he saw close beside him the two beautiful apparitions which he had pursued. The younger and lovelier of them, smiling upon him, said: "Rise, beloved Wassamo, and come with me. Thy besotted companion, unbeliever in love, at first accepted, now rejected by my sister, may return to the abode of mortals, but thou, Wassamo, beauteous youth, shalt henceforth dwell with me." Wassamo rose slowly to his feet, and clasping his hands, gazed upon the lovely being before him, entranced. With a pleased glance she took his right hand in her left, and waving her other hand, cried: "Why do we now linger? Let us away." Wassamo felt himself borne rapidly along, as the companion by his side, light as

gossamer, flew over the ground, and the other as lightly flitted before, just within the bright halo. In a few seconds they had reached the foot of the great Sand Dunes, which, instead of opposing, parted before them in yellow waves, passing through which Wassamo's torch fell and extinguished, and he found himself with his companions standing in one of an endless succession of spacious sand domes suffused with golden light.

A numerous assembly, over which a venerable old man seemed to preside, filled the dome. "Approach, my son," said this personage in an ordinary tone of voice, but one which penetrated every part of the vast space. The two girls advanced, leading Wassamo to the presence, when the old man said: "Foolish girls, ye think that in your moonlight rambles ye have been indulging in a freak of your own. But know, that, for my own ends, I have long purposed that one of you should wed a mortal. I am the Guardian Spirit of Nagow Wudjoo," said the old man, turning and addressing himself to Wassamo. "Thy fellow-mortals have long neglected to make me frequent offerings of the fragrant weed, *Nicotiana*." "Thanks," said the old man, abruptly, interrupting himself to receive a piece of tobacco just offered by a voyager on the lake. "Thou," said he, resuming his address to Wassamo, "shalt for a space return to

thy tribe, bearing to it the knowledge of its neglect and my displeasure. This season, which thou callest summer, is our day; that which thou callest winter, which is our night, approaches. When it has passed, take with thee my daughter, whose hand I give thee in requital of thy services, and obey my behest."

Wassamo for some time shared with his beautiful wife the most delightful existence imaginable, amid perpetual day. On account of his alliance, the minor Spirits treated him as their equal. His every want was on the instant supplied: the beasts walked over the Sand Dunes; the birds alighted on them; and the fishes swam by their foundations—all that he had to do was to stretch forth his hand and take what he wished. The only thing about the Spirits that struck him as strange was that, whenever there was a thunder-storm, they all scampered off in every direction, and did not reappear until the storm had ceased. As, of course, thunder-storms often occurred during the summer, the Spirits were liable at any moment, no matter how engaged, to be thrown into utter confusion, and betake themselves to flight. At last Wassamo could no longer refrain from inquiring of his wife the secret of this strange behavior of the Spirits. She replied: "In the clouds dwells the Storm King. When he rides in the tempest, and looses the lightnings from his hand, we are op-

pressed with fear, and hide ourselves in the bowels of the earth."

The season of night arrived, and Wassamo's wife and all the rest of the Spirits retired to rest. At the end of three months they one by one awoke, stretched themselves, and lay down for three months more, saying, "It is midnight." Poor Wassamo was just as much by himself as though he had been alone, and often ate, drank, and slept just to while away the time. At last the Spirits rose and declared that it was day, and resumed their ordinary life. Wassamo and his wife then started on their journey. They passed through the side of one of the Sand Dunes, which, as before, parted before them like yellow waves, and, approaching the neighboring beach, entered a pleasant road which led under the bottom of the lake, across to the Sand Dunes on the opposite shore. Emerging from the lake on a beach near the latter Sand Dunes, instantly the entrance to the road through which they had come closed behind them. In the distance appeared the village of Wassamo. Overjoyed at the sight he turned to his wife, and embracing her, and requesting her to wait to be announced, hastened towards home.

He had hardly gone half-way, when, in a grief-stricken man approaching with his head fallen on his breast, he recognized his cousin. Wassamo, running

forward, came upon him unawares, and throwing his arms about his neck, greeted him, adding, "But what has happened?" His cousin, thrusting him off at arms' length, looked eagerly into his face, and then returning his embrace convulsively, burst into tears, crying out, "Wassamo, O Wassamo, they say I murdered you!"

When Wassamo's cousin awoke, he first cast his eyes towards the fire, expecting to see Wassamo there, and then, not seeing him, towards the net, thinking that he might have gone off to it in the canoe. Not seeing him in either place, he thought that Wassamo must be playing him a trick, by hiding, so he began to shout and search for him along the shore. Receiving no answer, and unable to find him, he returned to the camping-ground, and beginning near the embers of the fire that they had made, tracked his footprints over the beach, back to the Sand Dunes, to a spot where they ended abruptly in a hollow, which looked as though a human form had lain there. Not a footprint went beyond. With all his senses in confusion, he retraced his steps to camp, where, burying his face in his hands, he sat until daylight, pondering.

Daylight came, and with it the cousin's hope and courage revived, and he renewed his search by ascending the Sand Dunes, peering into every hollow, and

shouting until he was hoarse, the name of Wassamo. His efforts were fruitless: Wassamo could neither be seen nor heard. Sadly, therefore, he drew in the net and took his departure, bearing to the village the news that Wassamo was lost. People listened calmly to the whole story of Wassamo's disappearance, up to the point where his cousin said that he had tracked his footsteps to a hollow at the foot of the Sand Dunes, where they ended. They then looked askance at each other, then began to mutter, then to whisper, "He has murdered Wassamo." Soon they spoke out, and accused him downright of the murder. He defended himself vehemently, appealed to his well-known love for Wassamo, and concluded by demanding that search be made for the body. A search was at once instituted, but by the time that the people had reached the camping-ground, the footprints and hollow described by Wassamo's cousin had vanished in the drifting sand. The neighboring shore was searched, and the bed of the lake along it dragged, but neither the body, nor any sign of violence, could be discovered.

The party returned to the village and made their report. On this, people inclined to believe in the innocence of the accused, especially as he seemed deeply afflicted at the loss of Wassamo and the charge of having murdered him. The conclusion

became general, as soon as they had had time to reflect, that Wassamo, becoming deranged, must have strayed into the Forest, and that, recovering his senses, he would sooner or later return home. But spring came, and yet Wassamo had not returned, and again his relatives clamored for the blood of his supposed murderer. They urged that they had waited long enough for his return; that he did not return, because he could not, having been murdered by his cousin. The influence of his relatives and friends proved strong enough to get the cousin condemned and sentenced. The young man was much overcome, but as before, preserved his calmness sufficiently to declare his innocence of the deed laid to his charge. He added, "Innocent as I am, I fear not death. I grieve to be thought guilty of a crime which I abhor, and of which, one day, I shall be proved guiltless to your lasting shame and remorse."

So strong had been the young man's protest against the justice of his sentence, that, even although the day of execution had been appointed, no one could be found to lay hands on him, and he was suffered to go at large. Pallid and haggard, he roamed distracted through the wilds. The day before that fixed for his execution, he was as usual wandering restlessly to and fro, when his footsteps

led him towards the lake. As he came in sight of the deep, blue, lovely lake, the thought flashed across him that, beneath its waters, he could find repose. The next moment he had repulsed the temptation, as he said to himself, "And then I should certainly, and with reason, be deemed guilty: if they kill me, many will always believe in my innocence." His head fell on his breast, and he was pursuing his way in melancholy mood towards the lake, and silently weeping, when he heard a familiar voice, and felt himself folded in a warm embrace, from which disengaging himself, as already described, and giving one eager glance at his cousin, he fell upon his breast, sobbing, and crying out, "Wassamo, O Wassamo, they say I murdered you!"

Wassamo, taking his cousin by the hand, and urging him forward, again hastened towards the village, where, amidst the people's joy and applause, he explained his absence and return, and proclaimed his cousin's innocence. The whole people went forth from the village to receive and welcome Wassamo's bride. They conducted her with distinguished honor to a lodge set apart for her and her husband's accommodation. They were in raptures with her beauty, her lily-white skin, her sweet expression and graceful bearing, and when she had

lived with them for a while, they never wearied of extolling her amiable traits of character.

The neighboring tribes, hearing of the event, came in numbers to present their homage and gifts of the fragrant *Nicotiana* to the daughter of the Guardian Spirit of Nagow Wudjoo. She received them graciously, conversing with them in their own language, and accepting the gifts in the name of her father. She was never idle; she worked day and night. The only time that she was absent, was during a thunder-storm; but as soon as the storm was over, she reappeared. Her presence seemed to bring the greatest prosperity to the tribe. As for the cousin, he was so rejoiced at Wassamo's return, and charmed with his bride, that he was always with him, importuning him to be allowed to go with them to the abode of the Old Spirit.

Winter came on apace, and Wassamo's wife instructed her husband to prepare a lodge for her accommodation during her season of night. On retiring to rest she cautioned him not to let anyone pass that side of the lodge on which she was lying. In the spring, just when the sap of the maple had begun to flow, she rose and resumed her household duties. She also helped the people to make maple-sugar: never before nor since was so much maple-sugar known to be made in one season. When the

work was over, the people from the surrounding country appeared and renewed their homage and gifts of the fragrant *Nicotiana*, to propitiate the Old Spirit of the Sand Dunes. His daughter thanked them in his name, and promised to convey to him their requests.

The time appointed for their visit having now expired, Wassamo and his wife took their leave. All the people wished to escort them in triumph on their way, but Wassamo declined to allow anyone but his cousin to accompany them further than the outskirts of the village: to him he gave permission to go with them as far as the Sand Dunes on the beach near the village. But when they had reached that place, his cousin revealed his intention of accompanying them to the abode of the Spirit of Nagow Wudjoo. Wassamo and his wife represented that what he requested was impossible, and consoling him for their departure by reminding him that they were soon to return with the reply of the Old Spirit on receiving the offerings of *Nicotiana*, he, although loth, was fain to depart.

The Old Spirit of the Sand Dunes warmly welcomed Wassamo and his daughter, and was well pleased with the generous supply of the fragrant *Nicotiana*, which they brought as the offerings of the tribes. He determined to celebrate the occasion by summoning around him his neighbors, to have a

grand smoke, share with him the gifts, and receive his son-in-law. He told Wassamo to sit close to his wife when certain ones of the Spirits entered, for that otherwise, they were so powerful, they might, without intending it, dash him to pieces, or crush him to death. He especially warned Wassamo against the Spirit of the Isles, who was very malicious, and who, having been refused the hand of Wassamo's bride, might wreak vengeance on him.

Soon the Spirits began to assemble. The first that entered smiled kindly upon Wassamo, who was much pleased with his gentle aspect. It was the Spirit of a bay on Lake Superior. Next a sylvan Spirit entered. He also bore a gracious smile. Presently was heard a whispering and rustling sound, and in came diffidently the gentle Spirit of the Zephyrs. He was succeeded by a very boisterous guest, who, long before he appeared, announced himself by whistling, shrieking, and howling as he came along. It was the Spirit of the Whirlwind. Hardly had the noise of the last arrival subsided, when Wassamo thought that he heard the sound of many waters, and soon he was sure of it. The murmur grew louder and louder, and in poured a flood, bearing along logs, roots, trees, and rocks, with the roar of a mighty cataract. There was no mistaking, amid the wreck, the Guardian Spirit of Rapids and Water-

falls. Wassamo had hardly composed himself, before the sound of surf on a rocky coast was heard, and in tumbled the silver and diamond-crested waves of Lake Superior, rolling mountain-high. Thus heralded and accompanied, came the Guardian Spirit of the Isles. Wassamo feeling himself dashed to and fro with terrific force, clung desperately to his wife, to avoid being swept away by the surges.

When the tumult had somewhat subsided, the Old Spirit of Nagow Wudjoo took his stand on a high place, and addressing the assembly, distributed presents of the fragrant *Nicotiana*, which were received with applause. The old Spirit, then judging that his fellow Spirits must be in fine humor, presented to them his son-in-law, to be confirmed as one of their august body. The proposition was favorably received by all except the Spirit of the Isles, who began to murmur; but his voice was speedily drowned by the howl of the Spirit of the Whirlwind, and the roar of the Spirit of Rapids and Waterfalls.

When the assembly had dispersed, the Old Spirit of the Sand Dunes announced to Wassamo that, now, having been admitted to Spiritland, he must bid a final adieu to his friends on earth. Wassamo and his wife instantly departed, and reappearing at the village, informed the people of the Old Spirit's gratification, and their errand to bid a last farewell.

With feelings of mingled joy and grief, the relatives and friends of Wassamo accompanied him and his wife to the Sand Dunes near the village. There they parted lingeringly from them, and watched them, as, waving their hands in sign of adieu, they slowly wended their way to the beach. At the water's edge they paused, the rays of the declining sun for an instant illumined their forms, and the next they had gone.



THE WIND AND THE DUCK.



ON a bitter cold day of winter, the Northwest Wind, rising, saw a solitary Duck diving through a few holes in the ice near the shores of a great bay. "What folly," blustered the Wind, "to contend with me, who have driven every other living creature away." So saying, the Wind blew so hard and cold that it froze over the holes, and made the poor little Duck take shelter under the lee of the bank. Satisfied with his exploit, the Wind retired whistling to his far-away home in the mountains. When he rose the next morning, to his surprise he saw that the Duck had found new holes, and was pulling the flags out of his way, and diving as merrily as ever. "This will never do," howled the Wind; "I will not be balked;" and for a week, harder and harder, bleaker and bleaker did the Wind blow. But regularly every morning he found the little Duck steadily at work, breaking or finding new holes, or else waiting for the ice to drift out of his way, and earning as well as he could his living. Thought the Wind, "Such assiduity must insure success: I might as well let him alone."

THE ILL-FATED LOVERS.



HERE once lived on the shores of Lake Superior a Chieftain of the name of Wawanosh. He was descended from a long line of ancestry renowned for their high qualities, nor was he unworthy of the lineage whence he sprang. From having been a mighty warrior, whose war club none could wield, whose bow, even, none could bend, whose thews and sinews were the boast of all the tribe, whose strength was equalled only by his address, and surpassed only by his courage, he had descended from the lofty pedestal which he had occupied as warrior, but to ascend a still loftier one as sage. From far and near people came to seek his counsel, and his declining years were soothed by his perception of the veneration in which he was held.

Unhappily the wisdom which was bountiful to strangers, failed him in the ordering of his own household. A young and handsome suitor sought his daughter's hand, but to be rebuffed by the stern old warrior. "Hark thee, young man," he said; "thou askest me to bestow on thee the choicest flower of this land, as the meed of thy deserts. For what?—what hast thou done to render thee worthy

of such a prize? Thou lovest her, forsooth, and she loves thee! so does many another, and she will learn to love the worthiest. Begone, and until thou hast something more than thy love to offer for my child, let me not see thy face again. Go—make a *name*.”

Late that evening the daughter, spent with weeping, beautiful as she looked up at her lover through a mist of tears, murmured the last fond words of parting; he folded her in a close embrace, and then walked silently away. Before morning he had left the village with a band of warriors, and soon was on the frontier in the presence of the enemy.

Some days passed in skirmishes in which neither side gained any decisive advantage, but at last a pitched battle was fought, in which, after having covered himself with glory, he sank exhausted from his wounds. “Alås!” he moaned, as he lay stretched in agony upon the ground, “I have won a name, but she can never share.” . . . The blood bubbled from his lips, and a corpse lay stiff and stark upon the field of battle.

When the pursuit of the enemy was over, the victorious set about the sad duty of succoring the wounded and burying the dead. The victory had cost dear: some of the best and bravest of the band had perished. Soon they took up the line of march, and in a few days neared the village of Wawanosh.

The maiden hears the triumphant war-cry, and then the death-wail that tells the number of the slain. At the first sound she flies towards the advancing ranks, but on a sudden halts: right in her path stands a skeleton with flaming eyes—the dread Pauguk glares upon her. All is over, she knows, and with a moan she falls lifeless to the earth.

The crushed maiden never spoke again but sadly to reply when spoken to by those who loved her. Never by one reproachful glance, however, did she inflict a wound upon the author of her being and her woes. She pined her life away, straying through the woods, seated by the side of plaintive streams. No voice but Nature's own seemed soothing to her wounded spirit, save that of a beautiful bird of rainbow plumage, the constant companion of her restless wanderings. It she seemed to love, and when, seated on a moss-grown bank, her life fluttered gently away, so flew the bird, and never more was seen.



PAUKEWIS, THE WIZARD.

PAUKEWIS was a Wizard. Unlike Wizards generally,—who lead very quiet lives in caves or ruins, clothed in long sweeping mantles, with staffs in their hands, black cats looking over their shoulders, and herbs, scrolls, skulls, crucibles, and horoscopes lying in profusion around,—Paukewis delighted in roaming about the world, concealing his magic gifts from people, until he chose to astonish them by playing all sorts of pranks.

Tired of living on a prairie, where he found people too few and far between to allow scope for his talent for mischief, Paukewis set out in search of adventures. After travelling several hundred miles, he came in sight of a town. Thinking to himself, “there is nothing like singularity to attract attention,” he started on a run, and reaching the outskirts, turned forward somersaults, at each bound clearing a row of houses, and alighting in a street, until he had passed over the town, and then backward ones, until he had alighted in the centre. Here was a sensation after his own heart! The people outdoors had stopped to see the spectacle, and when it was known that the mysterious stranger had actually alighted, the whole

population flocked to get a sight of him. He pretended to think that he had done nothing wonderful; remarked that the customs of foreigners were everywhere thought peculiar; that his mode of announcing himself was the fashion in his own country; and concluded by accepting an invitation to a great feast given in his honor as a distinguished stranger.

The people of the town, which was one of a number inhabited by a powerful league, determined, if possible, to make him King. Accordingly, they despatched messengers to summon the tribes, and he was by acclamation invested with the regal dignity. As soon as the ceremonies were over, he requested to know whether his subjects were at war with any people, for, if so, he was eager to march against them. He was informed that then their only enemies were a band of Ogres, who were also Magicians, by whom they had always been defeated, but against whom they were ready, at his wish, to march again at a moment's notice. He appointed one of the Chiefs to take charge of the Kingdom during his absence; and selecting twenty active and trusty young men as a guard of honor, and a pretty youth as pipe-bearer and page, started on an expedition against the Ogres.

During the march the King indulged in strange antics, leaping over trees, turning somersaults, and spinning around on one foot, forming whirlwinds of

dust, until his followers were ready to expire with fear. Near the end of the third day the party reached the abode of the Ogres, and the King stationed his followers under cover, a short distance off, and advanced alone.

The Ogres, five in number, were seated all in a row examining the country, and planning a foray to obtain some supplies. The mouths of the hideous creatures were watering, and their eyes swimming low in their heads, as they talked and gloated over the feast they would have. When they caught sight of the King advancing, they all smacked their chaps, and, rising, rushed towards him. He leaped aside and gave a shrill whistle, at which his followers sprang out of their concealment and ranged themselves around him. "Now," cried the King, "fair play; one at a time." An Ogre stepped forward and clinched with him. Clouds of dust and dead leaves rose, floated, and whirled around the combatants, so as almost to hide them from sight. The spectators, Ogres' and King's followers, circled about the tumult, shouting "Aha!" as either side gained an advantage. The King at last put forth all his strength, and hurled his adversary against the ground with such violence as to break every bone in his body. In turn three of the other Ogres stepped forward and encountered the King, who dashed them also with

such violence to the ground, that they were instantly killed. On witnessing the fate of his comrades, the fifth and last Ogre fled for his life, and the King pursued him, sometimes falling behind, sometimes overtaking him and leaping over his head, and making him swerve from his course, sometimes giving him a push, and sometimes a trip, ending with a kick that sent him lifeless into a ravine.

Having accomplished this feat, the King rejoined his followers, who were breathless with the exertions which they had been making to keep up with him. He dismissed them with instructions to convey to his people the intelligence that he would be absent for some time, and to add that they need have no fear for his safety, as his late success proved.

Paukewis continued on his way until he reached what he at first thought was a lake, but, on examining more closely, found to be a pond made by a beaver-dam. "A thought strikes me," said he. "I have a notion that I should like to lead the life of a Beaver. My friend," continued he to a Beaver who at that moment happened to pop his head out of the water, "please mention to your comrades, will you, that I should like to make one of you for a while?" The Beaver disappeared beneath the surface, and soon the water became dotted with hundreds of black heads moving towards him. A Beaver crawled out

of the water on to a rock, and addressing him, said that they agreed to his making one of their number. He immediately changed himself into a Beaver and dived into one of the houses. When he got there, he made himself grow and grow until he was so big that he could hardly budge. "My! what a Beaver!" exclaimed all the little ones. "You must be our King." "Certainly," replied Paukewis, making himself bigger than ever; "I will be your King, and," he added to himself, "I will eat you out of house and home." "You needn't go out," cried the Beavers, seeing Paukewis still puffing up; "we will bring you whatever you need." "That is what I intend," answered he; "see that you do."

Matters went on very well for a few days: Paukewis was delighted at the novelty of his life, and the success of his trick. The fatter he grew the thinner the Beavers became, for want of food, and the hard work they had to do to provide for him. All of a sudden, one day, there was a great racket; the Beavers cried, "The hunters are upon us," and made their way out of their houses as fast as they could. Paukewis grew small as quickly as possible; but before he could come down to the usual size of Beavers, the hunters had broken the dam, let the water out, and stove in the roof of his house. They speared him through the body, shouting, "Look, look—the King of the

Beavers; here is the King of the Beavers!" With a gurgle or two in the water, the Beaver which was animated by the spirit of Paukewis expired.

He found himself in his human form standing near the edge of a broad prairie on which at a distance was feeding a great herd of Elk. "What," thought he, "could be a more delightful existence than that of these animals, pasturing on the sweet herbage, drinking deep draughts from the limpid stream, roaming at will over this vast expanse! Thus could I divert myself forever, free as the air!" Instantly he transformed himself into a huge Elk, five times as large as the largest of the species, and, after glancing admiringly at the reflection of his form in a clear pool, stalked majestically forth on the prairie towards the browsing herd. As he approached, casting a mighty shadow before him, the Elk raised their heads, and, startled at his appearance, scampered away; but some halting, and examining him from a distance, concluded that he was one of their kind, and gradually came nearer and nearer till they surrounded him. The leader of the herd at last broke silence, saying, "I have hitherto been the Chief, but to you I must yield place."

Paukewis was delighted with his new existence. So enchanting were the vigorous exercise and perfect freedom of the herd, he felt sure that he should

like to be an Elk for the rest of his life. He did not long continue to hold that opinion. One day the searching wind on the prairie compelled the herd to resort to the shelter of some woods. The animals had hardly lain down there when the loud halloos of hunters were heard, and the crashing of brushwood that followed showed that they were at hand. They rose and fled swiftly out of the woods—all but Páukewis, whose bulk hindered him from making much progress, and whose horns at last became so entangled that he could not extricate them. The arrows of the hunters rattled on his ribs; one pierced him to the heart; he felt the icy chill of death steal over him, and gave up the ghost.

He found himself in his human form standing on a sandy beach of a lake, on which was floating a great flock of Ducks. He thought: "How pleasant and safe this life must be," and shouted to them, "If you will let me, I'll be your King," and changing himself into a Duck as big as a Swan, waddled down the beach into the water, and swam off to the flock. The Ducks ranged themselves in a circle around him, admiring his great size, and a consequential one among them, speaking for the rest, said: "You shall be our King, and then we shall be equal to the Geese and the Swans."

Pretty soon, the weather growing warm, the

Ducks were obliged to betake themselves to a cooler climate. They all rose together and flew due north, now and then alighting to get food and take some rest. One windy day, when the flock had much ado to fly at all, Paukewis, who, not being used to aërial travelling, found it so interesting that he was always looking at the sights below, stretched his neck downward to get a view of something that he had passed, when the wind caught his tail and tumbled him heels over head to the earth, where he stuck in a hollow tree, and remained there till he was starved to death.

He found himself standing in a path in the Forest, and not having any preference as to the direction to take, walked in that in which he had found himself facing. He was so ill satisfied with the result of his late freaks, that he plodded along in very bad humor, and was rejoiced to see at last a comfortable lodge, at the door of which sat two cheery old fellows, who smiled all the while they were telling him the way out of the woods, and laughed until he was out of sight. The next day, about the same time, he saw a lodge, in the doorway of which sat two old fellows, who were just as cheery as those he had seen the day before, and who told him the way just as pleasantly as the others had done, and laughed, too, until he was out of sight. The next day it was exactly

the same—the same house, the same cheery old fellows. “Aha!” roared Paukewis, “I have found you out. Do you see the notch I cut on the doorpost?” And with a slap for one, and a kick for the other, he sent them whirling against the rocks, where the red streaks of their blood may be seen to this day. Thus did he rid the world of two Magicians, who, under the guise of simple-hearted old men, were the plague of all unsuspecting travellers.

Paukewis continued his journey in a straight line until he got out of the woods, and then recollecting that he had been long absent from his adopted people, resolved to visit them forthwith, and see how they prospered. His return proved most timely. The King of the Bears, who lived on the neighboring mountains, had threatened the people with destruction if they did not remove, and it was feared that he was approaching with a large force to execute his threat. Paukewis set his forces in battle array. Soon afterwards growls were heard, and the van of the Bears was seen advancing, followed by the main army. A quarter of a mile off the King of the Bears halted his forces, and sent a messenger to Paukewis to say that, to avoid bloodshed, he proposed a race between themselves, the life of the vanquished to belong to the victor. Paukewis of course agreed. The two hostile armies were drawn up on opposite slopes,

and in full view of the valley in which the contest was to take place. Paukewis did not at first put forth his speed, but leaped and twirled, raising such clouds of dust, that the King of the Bears was almost blinded, and hardly knew which way he was going. At last he sprang forward, leaving the King of the Bears, and as the dust cleared away, was seen to be standing at the goal as the King staggered towards it, and to cut off his head with a single blow of a knife. He then ordered a general advance of his forces, and in the rout which followed, took prisoners several hundred Bears, whom he distributed as servants among his followers.

After these signal successes, which might well have contented the most ambitious, Paukewis ought thenceforth to have reposed upon his laurels. But, like many another conqueror, he was not content to rest as long as there remained other worlds to subdue. He aspired to rival a Magician who had gained even a higher reputation than his. Committing the government of his people to the same Chief who had before administered affairs during his absence, he set out alone in quest of the redoubtable Manabozho, the Wizard of the North.

He travelled hundreds of miles, until he thought that he must have reached almost the confines of the earth. Not far from Manabozho's abode, he seated

himself on a cliff overlooking a great lake, and began to shoot the birds flying past. Now, all the birds of the air are under the protection of Manabozho, who is wroth when anyone injures them. So, Paukewis laughed softly to himself, as with the silent arrows he brought down bird after bird, and saw it floating in the lake, while the others still screamed and darted around him, unconscious of their danger. At last a wary raven caught him in the act of shooting, and cried out to the rest: "Paukewis is killing us. Let us away and tell our father, Manabozho!" Off flew the birds, and soon Manabozho appeared, striding towards the cliff on which the foolhardy Paukewis sat. Paukewis had not counted on his looking so terrible, and as Manabozho drew near, he for the first time in his life was seized with fear, and, leaping to his feet, he ran. "Ah," roared the other, pursuing him, "the earth is not large enough to shield you from my vengeance." At these terrible words, and the clatter of Manabozho's steps behind him, Paukewis fled with the wings of terror. Manabozho was fast gaining on him, when he uprooted a pine tree and scattered its leaves to the four winds of heaven, and continued his flight. As Manabozho reached the place where the tree lay prostrate, it besought him to restore it to life and beauty, saying, "Great Chieftain, let me not perish

by the hand of the caitiff Paukewis." Manabozho, stopping to gather the leaves of the tree and restore it to life, Paukewis gained ground, and kept on destroying one tree after another in his track, a hemlock, a spruce, a fir, and several others; and as every time that Manabozho reached a tree that Paukewis had destroyed, he stopped to restore it, he was much delayed in the pursuit.

The trees at length became sparse, and Paukewis, as he passed a rock, shattered it to flinders with a blow. The foundation of the rock groaned and cried out for help to Manabozho. By the time that Manabozho had restored the rock, Paukewis was flying over a prairie towards a distant range of mountains. Soon he was almost within Manabozho's grasp, when he raised such a cloud of dust and sand, that Manabozho groped in the dark, and had to stop until it had cleared away. Again Manabozho put forth his hand to grasp Paukewis, when he dashed into a hollow tree, and turning into a snake crawled out at the roots, whence he darted off to some adjacent trunks, and behind them, resuming his natural shape, again fled. A moment later and the tree was crushed to pieces by the powerful arm of Manabozho.

Before Manabozho caught sight of him again, Paukewis had reached a dark precipice, which at his summons opened, discovering the Spirit of the Rock,

who let him in, and closed the entrance to the retreat. Manabozho was soon thundering at the entrance, seeking admittance. "Open," he cried; "it is in vain for you to attempt to resist me." The Spirit of the Rock was appalled and made no response, but said to Paukewis: "I have sheltered you, and will die before I yield you up." "Open," again cried Manabozho. Again there was no response. "I give you till night to live," roared Manabozho. "If when darkness shall have come, you have not submitted, woe betide you."

As evening drew near, dun clouds massed in the sky, and the wind sighed in gusts through the mountain gorges. The Sun set, and the earth was wrapped in darkness. Then there was a moment's silence, and then amid the gloom of night and storm a heavy mass crashed down the mountain side upon the rock in which were hidden Paukewis and the Spirit, shivering it to atoms. The sleeping Echoes, awaking, spread the tale throughout the valley, whence in feeble whisperings it reached the remotest parts of earth. Manabozho, loosing a tottering crag, had launched it on the castle of his foe, burying him beneath the ruins.

Then was Paukewis really dead. He had been killed in the form of various animals, and his spirit had each time taken flight, again to animate his

frame. Now he had been really killed, and his body crushed out of all human likeness. This was the end of his towering ambition. The memory of his exploits remains: when wintry blasts sweep over forest, plain, and fell of the great Northwest, driving before them the sifting snow, people, drawing their cloaks more closely around them, exclaim, "Ah, there goes Paukewis."



THE SPIRIT OF THE MAIZE.



ONCE, soon after the creation of the world, the crop of Corn was so abundant that the people, after storing some of it carelessly, trampled the rest under foot, or let it rot upon the ground. The hunting season proved bad; they found little game, and that shy; and soon bethinking them of the Corn at home, returned to get it. But some of it had been destroyed by the weather, and some by the rats and mice. Then they bewailed their sad fate as they looked forward to starvation. On a certain day, a wise man among them, who had warned them against their extravagance, was walking in a lonely spot, plunged in sad thoughts, when he heard groans issuing from a field, and stepping forward a few paces, saw reclining on a worn hide, a ragged, sickly Dwarf. "Ah, look! well you may!" cried the Dwarf, in a shrill voice. "See to what a pass you have brought the once bright and beautiful Spirit of the Maize." The good man, filled with wonder and compassion, shrank out of sight, and hasting home, told what he had seen. The people set about repairing their neglect, dug and weeded the fields, collected the Corn that the rats and mice had spared,

and planted and tended it carefully. They managed to subsist on a scanty supply of meat and roots, until a plenteous harvest crowned their hopes and toil, and never more did they abuse the abundance with which they were blessed.



CHASKE, THE WANDERER.



HASKE was a youth, who, tired of leading an idle life, determined to travel in search of adventures. At dawn, one day, he threw his bow and well-stocked quiver over his shoulders, and set out. He had not walked more than a few paces, when he stopped, saying to himself: "I had not made up my mind which way to go. Let it depend on chance," continued he, putting his hand over his shoulder, drawing an arrow from the quiver, and fitting it to the bowstring. He shut his eyes, twirled round on one heel, and shooting the arrow at random, opened his eyes in time to see the direction that it took. "Good," said he, following the arrow; "it wasn't easy to decide which way to go, when all ways were alike to me." He stepped briskly forward, imagining that he should find his arrow where he thought he saw it fall, two or three hundred yards off; but he searched and searched, gave it up for lost, and kept on in the same direction. Towards evening he stopped to make a shelter in which to pass the night, when, lo! before his eyes, lay an elk pierced to the heart with the arrow. He drew the arrow from the wound, replaced it in his quiver, and

cutting out the elk's tongue, set it before the fire, to roast for supper. While the tongue was roasting, he, overcome with fatigue, fell fast asleep.

The first thing that he knew was that he felt a violent shake, and, starting from his sleep, he looked up, and by the first faint streak of dawn, beheld a woman, with her face turned away, standing near him and pointing to his onward path. He rubbed his eyes, thinking that he must be dreaming, and looked again. There stood the figure, mutely pointing to the path, upon which it then began slowly to advance. He rose, and without considering why, obeyed the sign. When he had for some time followed in silence, he said to himself: "'Tis very strange that she does not speak nor even turn her head: I will accost her." The first sounds had hardly syllabled themselves upon his lips, when the woman, raising her arms aloft, dissolved into a haze, from which a beautiful blue bird rose and flew out of sight. Chaske was charmed. "Not in vain," thought he, "have I journeyed to see the world, if I meet such delightful adventures." Forgetting all about his untasted supper, which might have served for breakfast, he resumed his way, after again choosing the direction by shutting his eyes and shooting an arrow at a venture.

Late in the evening he found the arrow buried in

the heart of a moose. "I will not be cheated out of my supper to-night," thought he, as he cut out the tongue of the moose and spitted it on a stick to roast. Throwing himself down by the fire to wait until the meat was done, despite his resolution sleep surprised him, and at daylight he felt himself violently shaken, and, looking up, saw a woman, with averted face, pointing to the path. He leaped to his feet as she walked away, and instead of addressing her, seized her rudely by the arm. She turned on him with a scowl, black as night, and disappearing, a crow escaped from his grasp and flew croaking over the tree-tops.

He was sorely puzzled and provoked: that he, Chaske, the adored of women, for whom he had all his life shown the heartiest contempt, should have lived to pursue one, and be baffled by her, was hard to bear!—but twice had that happened within a day! It was enough to make him dash out his brains against the nearest rock, for very spite! But he did nothing of the kind: he made a stronger resolution than ever not to fall asleep, and then blindly shooting an arrow, followed the direction that it had taken.

At nightfall he found the arrow in the heart of a buffalo. "Now," thought he, "I am determined to get something to eat, and to find out, too, who it is that wakes me." He fell asleep as usual, and was

awakened in the morning by a woman, who touched him gently, and, with averted face, pointed to the path. Chaske did not give her time to take a step forward: he leaped to his feet, and seizing her, held her firmly in his grasp, and turned her head so that he might see her face. Never before had he beheld anything half so beautiful. The lily's white and the rose's bloom blended in her face, over which fell a tangled mass of golden tresses. He could not speak, so wildly did his heart throb with delight. But he did not release the maiden; he clasped her all the closer in his embrace. "Let me go," she cried; "why dost thou hold me? I am a descendant of the race of Beavers, and thou, of men. Seek a wife among the maidens of thine own people."

"Always have I despised them," cried Chaske; "I now know why. O, thou, more beautiful than the Water-Sprites, I love thee! I can never love another."

"If thou wouldst wed me," replied the maiden, "thou must give up thine own people; I cannot live as they. Come, if thou wilt, to my lodge by the bright, clear water, whose music gladdens me by day, and serves me for a lullaby by night." The maiden took him by the hand, and led him to her lodge by the water. There they married, lived, and were happy. Soon a son was born to them, and they

were rejoiced, for although they loved each other, still, without children, it is lonely everywhere.

Only one thing troubled Chaske: he constantly brooded over it, and could not drive it from his mind—his wife never would eat with him. When he returned from hunting, she appeared glad to see him, and welcomed him kindly; but she never sat down to supper with him; would say she did not feel hungry, and would then try to change the subject. Chaske made up his mind that he would discover what his wife lived upon. Accordingly, he hid himself in the woods, a short distance from the lodge, to watch her movements. She soon appeared, carrying a hatchet, and approached a grove of poplars. After glancing around, to make sure that no one saw her, she cut down some saplings, and stripping off the bark, ate it with much relish. Chaske said to himself: "It is a strange taste, hers; I suppose it comes of her being a descendant of the Beavers. However, it is a great relief to know that she does not live on nothing but air." Like the good husband that he was, he determined to let her indulge her harmless fancy, and show her, too, that he had not the slightest objection. So, as he was coming home from hunting, the next evening, he stopped at the poplar grove and cut a few saplings, and bringing

them to the lodge, said to his wife, "See here, I have brought thee what thou likest."

Who could have imagined that Chaske's sweet little wife, instead of being pleased with her husband's showing her that she could do as she pleased, would fly into a temper, and picking up her child, flounce out of the lodge! but so it happened. He thought that his best course would be to let her have time to cool, and so quietly sat down and ate his supper before he went after her. When he went, he did not see her, and night coming on, he grew so uneasy that he started off in search of her. Following her footprints, he walked all night, and at dawn reached a beaver-dam, on top of which she was seated, dandling her baby. He shouted to her from the bank: "Why didst thou leave me?" and she replied, "Why didst thou watch me? Did I not tell thee that I could not live as thy people?"

Chaske explained that he had meant no harm, but, on the contrary, had intended to give her a pleasant surprise. He entreated her to forget what had passed, and restore to him her love. But she continued to sit on the beaver-dam, now and then casting an indifferent glance in his direction, and seeming absorbed in the child. At last it nestled in her bosom, and both mother and child fell asleep. Chaske, also, exhausted with grief and fatigue, finally fell asleep.

At noon he felt a touch on the shoulder, and, awakening, saw a strange woman, who said to him: "Can a man love a woman who despises him?" "My wife still loves me," replied Chaske. "She did," said the woman, "but she does no longer." "Can it be," cried Chaske, turning towards his wife, who had awakened, "that thou no longer lovest me?" She turned on the woman and cried: "Who art thou that troublest thyself about other people's affairs? Ah, now I look again, I know thee!—thou art a descendant of the Bears." "What if I am?" replied the strange woman; "I come of a more noble stock than thine, and better deserve the love of this noble youth, than thou, who dost cruelly treat him." Hereupon each began to boast of her own family, and abuse that of the other, until the din was frightful. When they were hoarse with talking at each other, the strange woman turned towards Chaske, and sniffing the air contemptuously, said: "Come with me and be happy." He turned a despairing look towards his wife, who took no notice of him, and rising slowly, he accompanied the strange woman.

The strange woman had soon so bewitched him, that he for a time entirely forgot that he had a wife, and he married her. She was not beautiful: if you could say she was pretty, it was the most you could say for her. Then she proved to be of a very disa-

greeable temper, and ordered about her lord and master as though he had been her slave. They got on comfortably enough, however, until she presented him with boy twins, one of which, strange to relate, gradually turned into a little black Bear. The Boy and the Bear fought an endless rough-and-tumble fight, in which the little Bear, strong and active though he was, always got worsted. The father would take the side of the Boy, and the mother, of the Bear, and there was no longer any peace in the house. One morning the mother rose in a very bad humor, and soon afterwards the Boy and the Bear getting into a fight, she snatched up the Bear and ran away. "Ah, me!" exclaimed Chaske, "I have had enough of adventures: if I had married among my own people, I should not have led this unquiet life." So saying, he picked up the little Boy and trudged after his wife. In a short time he caught up to her, and stopping her, asked where she was going. "I am going back to my own people," she replied. "Well," said Chaske, "why didst thou not say so? I will go with thee." The woman could not say nay, although it was easy to see that she did not want him.

After journeying several days they drew near some dense woods. "Dost thou see those woods?" said Chaske's wife: "that is the town of the Bears. Per-

haps thou hadst better return : I have several lovers there who may eat thee up." But Chaske said that he too could play at that game, and they entered the village, he leading the little Boy by the hand, she leading the little Bear. There was a great commotion among the Bears on the arrival of the party, and many deep growls reached Chaske's ears as he passed along. They concluded, however, not to molest him, and he took possession of a lodge for the accommodation of his family.

Chaske soon saw that he was among enemies. The Boy, being a spirited little fellow, was always engaged in fights with the Cubs, and, one time, a Cub having attacked him, he killed it and cooked a piece of it for supper. When this came to the ears of the big Bears, they plotted to take the lives of both father and son. Chaske suspected their design, and having found out that he could not count on the aid of his wife, escaped from the town with his little Boy, and turned his steps homeward.

It was not easy to recognize in the jaded, careworn Chaske, the gay youth who, a few years before, had left his home in quest of adventures. When he announced who he was, and told his story, some believed, and some doubted, but all seemed to agree in laughing; and if it had not been for his little Boy, he would have departed and never again set foot in

his native place. The girls were particularly severe: when they heard of the beaver-woman's desertion, they were delighted; but when they heard of the bear-woman's, they were tickled to death, clapped their hands, and burst into peals of laughter, exclaiming, "It just served him right." They all, however, both men and women, agreed in thinking that, despite the existence of the Boy, Chaske had never really been married, but had been subjected to magical arts.

There was one who in secret had always loved him, whom the sneers and the merriment, and the mock sympathy of her companions pained instead of delighted. She truly pitied and yearned towards the unhappy man. She dared not at once reveal her feelings, lest she should bring down on both a fresh storm of mockery, but waiting until the night was far advanced, stole noiselessly to the lodge where he lay awake beside his sleeping Boy, and softly addressed him: "Chaske," she whispered, "art thou awake?" "I am," was the reply; "how can the wretched sleep?" "Dost thou know me?" said the girl. "Thy voice," said he, "is like music long heard unheeded." "Listen, Chaske," resumed the girl; "thou didst depart proud, and hast returned humble; but the wealth of love that I can bestow on thee was never so great as now. Good-night, and pleasant dreams.

To-morrow I will know if thou deservest my love, by the smile that detects my heart amid a hundred indifferent ones."

The next day Chaske sought the maiden whose love had brought him back to life. He passed many a pleasant face, which, seeing how his had brightened, wore for him its most bewitching grace, but passed it coldly by: it was not hers. At length came a pensive maiden, whose eyes looked silent worshippers of the beautiful and good, and lips twin messengers of gentleness and peace. Chaske, and then the maiden, smiled, and they strayed away together, side by side. Long did they live to enjoy each other's love, and the day that he was touched by death's hand, saw her also laid in the grave beside him.



THE DEMON'S COMPACT.



MAN, ambitious, and of an evil mind, dreamed that he walked by the waters, and smiting them with a rod, they revolved, and from their midst the Demon rose, and said that he could grant him any boon. The man, terrified, awoke, but soon courted sleep, to prolong his dream. Again the Demon, rising, said, "Any boon that thou mayst ask, the power is given me to grant." Ten times, in as many dreams, the Demon used those words, and on the tenth disappeared, crying, "Fool, strike, strike, or forfeit thy last chance!"

The last dream was so vivid, that the man sprang up on his couch. His wife beside him gave a little scream, at what she knew not, and awoke just in time to see him rise with haggard face, and, clutching a willow wand that he had made for magic rites, speed to the border of the adjacent lake. Filled with a strange dread, she followed, and saw him approach the shore and tap the waters thrice. Instantly the sound of myriad distant drums filled the air, and the waters began to seethe and revolve. She cowered to the ground, and retreating, looked on from afar. The man wildly struck the darkling

waters; louder and louder sounded the drums; the whirlpool dashed away the pebbles at his feet. Again and again, wildly and more wildly still, he struck. The drums and the roar of the waves grew deafening; fishes and reptiles gleamed as they passed around the rapid circle; and the rising tide almost swept him from his feet. Still he did not desist, but bracing himself against a tree, struck frantically, as he cried, "Unktahe, Unktahe, why dost thou not appear?" As he uttered these words the rush of waters ceased, a huge horned head and brawny bulk emerged, and the mighty Demon stood before him. "What wouldst thou?" said a low, deep voice that boomed over the surface of the lake. The man quailed as he gazed on the giant form; his knees smote each other; and a voice issuing from his oppressed bosom, whispered in accents strange to his own ear—"One moment." "Now or never," said the Demon—"what wouldst thou?" "Untold wealth and power," gasped the man. "At any cost?" said the Demon—"hast thou well considered? Much will remain to thee, but yearly thou must devote to me that one of thy treasures, were it thy dearest, which I select: dost thou consent?" "I do," replied the man. "Each year, then, at this day and hour," rejoined the Demon, "I shall require of thee thine eldest child." As the Demon thus spoke, the waters

once more whirled and roared, and, gulping him down, subsided to a state of rest.

More dead than alive, the man staggered from the shore towards home. On his way he stumbled over the prostrate form of his swooning-wife, who, reviving, looked doubtingly upon his wan face, as she exclaimed, "O husband, hast thou done any evil?" "Rise, woman," he replied, "and do not pester me with vain questioning—all the riches and power that earth affords are thine: what wouldst thou more?" "Contentment," thought the woman, meekly following him; "but I fear me that it never will be ours."

Wealth and power the man had without stint, but the heart that he bore was like lead: each year the remorseless Demon took his eldest child. Vainly rebelling, he sought to break his pledge to the evil Spirit with whom he had tampered, and save his children, but at the appointed day and hour they disappeared. When all had gone, his wife, too, his last stay, also disappeared. He rushed to the lake and madly smote the waters, which rose and swept fiercely around, and, oh, horror! bore past him in their whirl, the corpses of his wife and children, amidst which uprose Unktahe's giant form. "Monster," he cried, "take me, too; why do I cumber the earth, which, with all on it, I abhor? Take

me, too," he yelled in agony ; " I deserve to die !"
" Thou mistakest," said the dreadful voice ; " death
were too good for thee ; thou art doomed to live."
The Demon sank, and left the man alone—alone with
his wealth, his power, and his misery.



THE ROAD TO PARADISE.



WITH a parting pang at separation from his wife and children, the spirit of Gichegau Zinee fled, and reëmbodied found itself standing on the road to Paradise, gazing at the beauteous scene surrounding. The road wound over hill and dale, through tuneful groves festooned with perfumed flowers, and dipping through a valley wrapped in silvery mists, rose and was lost to sight in a vista gorgeous with the dyes of summer clouds at sunset. Throngs of men, women, and children toiled along under the burden of weapons, implements, utensils, toys, and every article conceivable. Gichegau Zinee glanced down at himself, and seeing that only he was unencumbered, turned on his heel and bent his steps towards the Land of the Living. As he approached, a great fire seemed to bar his progress and shift to meet him whichever way he strove to pass. At last he gave a frantic leap, when lo! he awoke from his trance, and found himself lying on his couch, surrounded by his friends. "My friends," said he, turning towards them, "I return from the Land of Spirits, where I saw a goodly company grievously taxed by our mistaken kindness. I now

know that we are wrong in depositing on the grave so many objects that belonged to the deceased. Let us in future act wisely, and not defraud the living of what is of use to them, and with it harass the happy journey of the dead."



THE TWO GHOSTS.



AT dusk, one evening, a hunter's wife, who was in momentary expectation of her husband's return from the Forest, heard footsteps approaching her door, and opening it, saw two great gaunt women dressed in sweeping mantles. Although she did not recognize them, she hospitably invited them to enter. Without a word of thanks for her civility, they brushed past her, and seated themselves in a dark corner of the lodge. Surprised at this rudeness, she eyed them with suspicion, and summoning up all her courage, asked whence they came and whether she could be of any service to them. In reply, they muttered something about needing food and lodging, and muffling their faces, preserved a strict silence.

A chill crept over the hunter's wife as she watched the two women cowering in the dark corner, and she made no further advances, but stole noiselessly about the lodge, attending to her household affairs, and earnestly praying for her husband's return. After an age, as it seemed to her, she heard him coming, and quietly slipping out of the door, and clutching him by the shoulder, turned him round so that he could see into the lodge, whispering, "Look there!"

At that moment, the fire, which had been low, sparkled and flamed, and the two women turned their faces towards the blaze. "Great heavens!" said the hunter to his clinging wife; "they are corpses in their grave-clothes." "So I thought," said the poor woman, trembling all over, as though in a fit of the ague. "Now I look again," whispered the husband, "they are the image of two dead relations that once lived here—what shall we do! Wife, let us enter, and if we pretend not to fear them, perhaps they will the sooner rid us of their presence."

The hunter and his wife, endeavoring to stifle their horror, entered the lodge, and tried to behave just as though they did not mind in the least the presence of their visitors; but every now and then they could not help glancing at the dark corner and shuddering. When the evening meal was ready, they looked at each other, as though asking, "What is to be done now?" Their visitors spared them the trouble of deciding, for, unbidden, they slowly emerged from the corner, and silently seated themselves at supper. The hunter and his wife, with eyes starting from the socket, and mouths agape, sat with their food untasted, speechlessly gazing at the ghastly visages of their guests, who, on their part, seemed almost unconscious of the presence of their host and hostess, and calmly regaled themselves on the choicest viands.

If the hunter and his wife had not had any appetite for supper, neither had they, you may be sure, any disposition to sleep when they retired to rest. Soon afterward they saw the two women take axes and sally forth, one saying to the other, "We must provide fuel." Then the hunter and his wife lay awake whispering, and wondering whether the women would return; but they were not long kept in suspense, for in about an hour the women returned carrying two fagots. Replacing their axes, the women retired to the dark corner, and seemed to go to sleep, whereas the hunter and his wife lay awake all night, trembling and nestling close to each other.

When breakfast was served on the following morning, the two guests sat down uninvited and partook of it, while the poor hunter and his wife had scarcely the heart to touch a morsel. When he as usual left the lodge, his wife hurriedly followed him, and implored him not to leave her alone, telling him that she could not bear it, she should die. He tried to encourage her, by reminding her that it was daylight, and that their visitors seemed to be harmless; and he promised to return earlier than usual. He added that, if both he and she were patient and kind, the intruders would probably go before long, but if otherwise, some evil might befall them.

The hunter, as he had promised, returned earlier

than usual, and found matters apparently as he had left them in the morning. As soon as he could find an opportunity to speak to his wife alone, he seized it, to inquire how the visitors had behaved. She replied that they had sat in the dark corner all day, without breathing a word. Supper was a repetition of the preceding meals, the guests eating quietly, and never breaking silence, while the hunter and his wife sat half famished and mute. As, on the previous night, supper over, the visitors took axes, and after an hour's absence, brought back two fagots. They then retired to their corner and slept, while the hunter and his wife lay awake all night.

Thus matters went on for many days, the guests conducting themselves in the most exemplary manner, appearing regularly at meals, remaining silent unless spoken to, and at night cutting fuel for the use of the family. The alarm of the hunter and his wife had in great measure subsided, and they began to be impatient at the prolonged visit of the women: terror had given place to annoyance. The wife, whose duties kept her indoors, and who, therefore, had to bear the brunt of the disagreeableness, at last grew quite indignant at these outrageous guests, who, uninvited, made her house their home, and helped themselves to the best of everything on the table.

So, one day, during her husband's absence, when one of the women had provoked her by taking a dainty which she had reserved for him, she snatched it out of her hand, exclaiming that she would stand it no longer, she didn't care whether they were her husband's dead relations or not.

The women made no reply, but that very night, the hunter and his wife being asleep,—for now that they had become used to the presence of the strangers, they could sleep,—they were awakened by the sound of moaning and sobbing. The hunter sat up, and saw by the dim light of the fire, the two visitors wringing their hands, and moaning and sobbing as though their hearts would break. “What is the matter?” said he. “Have you not always been kindly treated here?” One of the women, composing herself, answered:—“Three Moons were accorded to us, to test the sincerity of grief for the departed. Not much more than half the time appointed had elapsed, when we found that our presence was disagreeable. Yet we have taken no more than is the due of old age; have avoided vain babbling; and have aided in lieu of obstructing household affairs. We have nothing to complain of; we are disappointed, that is all; but that was what we were led to expect: we are now convinced that things are best as they are.”

The muffled figures, wringing their hands, glided towards the door; the hunter and his wife heard it open and shut, and the sounds of sobbing and moaning grow by degrees fainter and fainter, until lost in the stillness of night.



BROKEN WING AND THE ORPHANED BROOD.



SPORTSMAN once shot both parents of a brood of six little Hawks, of which only the eldest one was quite fledged. All day long the brood kept up a twittering, clustering from side to side of the nest, presenting their beaks for food; but night found them famished and cold, huddling together for warmth and company, and now and then giving an uneasy chirp, as though the poor little things suspected, what they knew the next day, that they were orphans.

Next morning the eldest consoled his brothers and sisters, and undertook to provide for them until they could fly. Sad to relate, just when the time came to go south to avoid the winter, he broke his wing. Nevertheless, he said to them, "You must go, for winter is coming, and you will perish if you stay." But they all answered, "No, no, we will not desert you;" and choosing for a shelter a big hollow tree, put store of provision into it, and carried their brother thither to pass the winter.

Soon the injured Bird got well, and resumed his hunting, in which all seemed skilful but the youngest, who never brought home any game. The eldest gently chid him for his want of skill. "It is not

that," said the other, "which prevents my being as successful as the rest: whenever I capture anything, a great white Owl robs me of it." "Do not be cast down," rejoined the eldest; "next time I will accompany and protect you." The next day, accordingly, they went out together. The youngest soon pounced upon his prey, and was bearing it off, when the white Owl appeared, and would have robbed him of it, if the eldest had not come to the rescue and taken the Owl prisoner. No sooner had they reached home than the youngest flew in the Owl's face and began to abuse him. "Hold, hold," said the eldest; "the Owl is *my* prisoner; but even were it otherwise, do you not know that it is base to tyrannize over the vanquished?" So saying, he let the Owl go.

Thus did the eldest, by his exertions, instruction, and example, supply to the rest the grievous loss of both parents, and they returned his devotion, and formed a united family. When, at length, mating with neighboring Birds, they flew away to establish other homes, the good influence of their early life was apparent in them to the very end of their days.



THE BOY THAT SNARED THE SUN.



GIRL and her little brother once lived all alone, so surrounded by wild beasts that they hardly durst venture abroad. She had to protect him, instead of his having to protect her; for he was so little and delicate that he could have been carried off by a hawk, or been blown away by a high wind. He was withal of so peevish a disposition as sometimes to give his sister a great deal of trouble. However, pitying him for his puniness, and attributing to it his infirmity of temper, she tended him kindly, and bore with all his humors, whims, and oddities. Little did she suspect that the puny fellow was a genius, who would have set the world afire if it had not been for—but that is the end of the story, let us begin at the beginning.

One day the little boy shot a dozen snow-birds, brought them to his sister, and told her to make him a coat of their skins. “Very well,” said she; “anything to please you.” So she took the birds, skinned them, and made him a coat, with which he was as pleased as Punch. Putting it on, he went strutting about until he was weary, and having by that time rambled far from home, he lay down on a knoll and

took a long nap. The Sun shone fiercely upon him, so that he awoke hot, thirsty, and cross. He sat up, and feeling uncomfortable, glanced down at his coat, and found that it had shrunk with the heat, and was ruined. At this discovery he sprang to his feet, storming away like a chorus of crickets. "You did it," said he, looking up at the Sun; "you needn't stare at me in that impudent way; you are not beyond reach: I'll fix you when I get home." Off the little fellow trudged, smothering his wrath. When he got home he told his sister to give him some of her hair to make a noose to catch the Sun. She gave him a long tress, and then another, and then another, and before nightfall he had twisted them into a strong cord, long enough to wind several times around his body. Then he put a slip-knot at one end of the cord, and the snare was complete. Before morning it was set in the East, so that the moment the Sun peeped above the horizon, he would be caught. Sure enough, the next morning the Sun was caught and held fast, and his beams poured down on one place on the earth, and all the rest was left in cold and darkness.


Then there was great commotion among all the wild beasts, and, advancing towards the light, they found out what was the matter, and held a great council. It was decided that some one must go and

cut the cord that held the Sun. That was easy enough to decide; the difficulty was to get some one to do it. At length the Dormouse, which at that time was the largest animal in the world, undertook the task. It looked like a mountain when it started; but as it drew near the Sun, its hair and skin began to singe and shrivel; as it drew nearer still, it began to shrink in size; and by the time that it had got close enough and had cut the cord, it had dwindled almost to nothing, and has remained so ever since.

What became of the little boy was never known, but he was never heard of afterward. Some persons say that he was too bright to live, and shortly afterward died; others, that, in revenge, he was devoured by the wild beasts. However, nothing is positively known of his fate: neither of the stories is probably quite true.



MISHOSHA, THE MAGICIAN OF THE LAKE.

NCE upon a time, long, long ago, when there were not nearly so many people in the world as there are now, a hunter, with his wife and two children, lived in a lonely and beautiful spot. It was surrounded on every side by mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers, which were so plentifully stocked with game and fish, that the family enjoyed the greatest abundance. They lived contented and happy for many years, and might have continued thus to live for many years more, had the wife not been a very wicked woman. So wicked was she, that she even conspired with a young warrior, whom she had once by accident met in the Forest, to murder her husband, that she might marry him. Her husband, however, who had for a long time perceived her misconduct, and suspected her designs on his life, was so constantly on his guard, that she had no opportunity to accomplish her purpose. He, on his part, burned to execute vengeance on his wife and her lover, if his suspicions should be confirmed. He, therefore, having by his behavior lulled his wife into a feeling of security, tracked her into the Forest, where, from the concealment of a clump of bushes, he witnessed her meet-

ing with the young warrior. Fully armed, and furious at the sight, his first impulse was to kill them both; but, with a great effort, he restrained his hand, thinking: "She is the guilty one; she it is that has wronged me; I will kill her on her return." He quietly slipped away unobserved, and returned to his lodge, where he threw himself on the floor, and, covering his face with his hands, yielded to the agony of his despair. As he thus lay, he was aroused from his bitter thoughts by hearing on the outside of the lodge the voices of the two children. He sat up with a rigid calm on his face, and listened to the artless prattle of the younger child. Gradually the stern expression of his features relaxed, the tears stole down his cheeks, and, with two or three convulsive sobs, he rose to his feet, staggered outside of the lodge, and, laying a hand on the head of each of the children, drew them towards him and embraced them; then releasing them, and turning quickly on his heel, strode off into the Wilderness. The children, startled at their father's strange demeanor, stood mutely watching his form disappearing in the brushwood. They could not hear him muttering through his clenched teeth: "I cannot slay her—she is their mother; for their sakes she will love and cherish them: let her conscience be my avenger."

Ah, little did the generous man know the heart

to which he had so trustingly confided his little ones! sure that love of offspring must always dwell in a mother's breast—that nothing can displace it. The wretched woman was faithless alike to her husband and to her children. She returned to the lodge to regret her husband's protracted absence, only because she and her accomplice were then ready to attempt his life. Hour after hour she impatiently awaited his coming, that she might execute her design; but days passed, and still he did not return. At last, strange to say, considering what the children had told her, the true cause of his absence dawned upon her; and her heart leaped with joy at the thought that she was free to come and to go at pleasure. Not a spark of tenderness for her children lingered in the breast of this unnatural mother; her new love had absorbed all else; and, leaving her children, she departed with the young warrior.

The little orphan boys, one of six and the other of twelve years of age, did not for a long while know that they had been deserted. At last the younger became terrified at the continued absence of his father and mother, and began to cry bitterly for them, as lost. The elder, although at heart just as much alarmed as his brother, managed for a long time to cheer him up, representing to him, that their father and mother must have gone somewhere to-

gether, where they did not see fit to inform their children, and that they could not fail to return soon, now that they had been gone for so long a time. At last, however, his own firmness gave way, and then he drew his brother to him, and hugging and kissing the little fellow, told him that he thought they must never expect to see their father and mother any more, and must henceforth be all in all to each other. The disguise being thus cast aside, the elder boy had no motive left to restrain his own grief, and so the two boys clung to each other, and wept and moaned, and cried aloud, day after day, night after night. Oh, fearfully long were the days, and more fearfully long the nights, with sounds of high wind and the howls of wild beasts! Both night and day came and lingered, and seemed as though they would never pass, whilst the little boys wept and moaned themselves to sleep, and woke, then wept and moaned themselves to sleep again. They had not—although they thought that they had—given up all hope. How they longed for day to come!—they hoped that it might bring their father and mother. How slowly they found the day pass!—every moment they were on the stretch with hope and disappointment. They wished that day would last always, they had so great a dread of night. But night would come, and as the light of day waned, the little boys would

grow more and more sad, and lie down with their arms about each other, and cry themselves to sleep, and wake and moan, and wish for daylight, that it were always day; and fall asleep, and dream that their father and mother had come, and wake to find themselves alone, cold, and hungry. They began to be pinched with hunger; they had eaten the last crumb of food in the lodge, and even at first there had been no great supply. They were wofully changed; they had grown very old; at least a year older in a week. Nothing makes people so old as misery does: when you see poor children, with queer old weazen faces, thank God that he lets you grow old more slowly.

The pangs of hunger soon drove from the minds of the boys the acute grief from which they had at first suffered, on account of the loss of their father and mother. The elder boy realized that he must be up and doing, or else they would both starve. Naturally resolute, and nerved by the strait in which they found themselves placed, he, now that he was no longer paralyzed by grief, rapidly summed up in his mind the state of affairs. He said to himself, in the first place, that now he was sure that his father and mother would not return, and in the second place, that he and his brother could no longer remain. He felt inspired with renewed courage, on reflecting how utterly dependent upon him was his

younger brother. He determined to leave the lodge with the morrow's dawn. At the time set, he, with a resolute, if not a cheerful heart, taking his little brother's hand in his, sallied forth into the Wilderness. During the first few hours, when his brother became tired of walking, he carried him on his back.

For days all that the boys had to live on were the wild berries which they gathered. They had no idea how to guide their course, in fact they had no idea of a course. They strayed away from the lodge, day after day plunging deeper into the Forest; hoping that they would come across some habitation where they would find kind people to shelter them. Weary, ragged, and footsore, driven by want, but sustained by hope, onward they toiled, day after day. Onward they restlessly toiled in some direction, in any direction: in any direction, in that Wilderness, it was relief to move onward, ever onward.

The elder boy had a knife, and had been taught by his father to use it, so, in one of the halts which he and his brother made, he cut from a yew tree a piece of wood, of which he fashioned a rude bow, and from some other wood, equally rude arrows. Provided with bow and arrows, he now managed every day to shoot some small birds for food for himself and his brother. They had no means of making a fire and cooking the birds, but devoured

them raw, and were glad to get them, hunger not being dainty. After this addition to their food, they were better able to endure the fatigue of their daily tramp, and they went forward with lighter spirits.

They had thus, for three summer months, wandered through the Forest, when, one beautiful afternoon, they came within sight of a great sheet of water, whose shores, as far as they could see to the right and to the left, were bounded by wooded hills, which, in the distance, faded off almost to nothing, and there were joined by a long silvery line where sky and water met. Far away, between the spot on which they stood and the silvery line that met the sky, lay pretty tufted islets, so covered with autumnal foliage, that they looked like nosegays floating amidst the shimmering waters. The boys, of course, did not know it, but they were standing on the shores of the vast inland sea of fresh water, which we now call Lake Superior. They, who had never before seen any body of water larger than a river, were so astonished and delighted at the sight of the lake, that they gave a shout, and ran down to a pebbly beach, and scooped up the water in the palms of their hands, and drank, and then laved their hot and weary feet and ankles. The cool water and the scene appeared to them to spread a heavenly comfort through every pore of their fevered frames.

Satisfied at last with wading to and fro, enjoying the delicious coolness of the water, the younger brother went ashore, where, picking up his brother's bow and arrows, which had been thrown down on the beach, he amused himself by lying on his back and shooting upward, and fancying that he could shoot into a cloud. The elder brother did not take notice of the sport in which the younger was engaged, until a random shot dropped an arrow into the water far beyond him. He called to his brother to stop shooting, and unwilling to lose one of his precious arrows, upon which the daily food of both depended, waded into the deep water to recover it. He had advanced into the water until it was nearly up to his armpits, and was reaching forward to pick up the arrow, when a canoe, which had previously been invisible, darted rapidly towards him, and an old man sitting in it, seized him, and dragged him aboard, the canoe still darting onward. The astounded boy, observing that it was an old man that had captured him, turned appealingly, and said, "Grandfather, I will go with you with pleasure, if you will take my little brother too. If I leave him, he will perish with hunger." The old man laughed a hard, cruel laugh, as, uttering the words, CHEMAUN POLL, and giving the canoe a slap, it swept through the waters towards the centre of the lake; the beach on which

the little boy had been left, sinking at once to the sight, and a lofty island in mid-lake rising into view. The canoe touched the shore gently, as though of its own accord, and Mishosha, the wicked Magician of the Lake, for it was he, rudely ordered the boy to step out and walk up to the lodge which he saw on the summit of the island. The boy quietly obeyed, and found himself in the presence of two little girls of about the ages of himself and his brother. They, like himself, were captives. So far from appearing glad to see the new-comer, they remained speechless, in dread of what might be about to befall him, and reminded of their own sad fate, by witnessing another proof of the Magician's wickedness and power. While the three stood mutely regarding each other, Mishosha suddenly appeared, and addressing the elder of the girls, said: "I have brought you a young scamp who shall be your husband when you are old enough to marry. Take him to one of the vacant lodges, where he can make his home until the happy day." The girl started to obey, but in her haste to escape from the hated presence of the Magician, forgot the boy. Then turning quickly, she beckoned to him to follow, as the old Magician, delighted at observing the fear that he inspired, entered his lodge, laughing his hard, cruel laugh.

Panigwun, that is our hero's name, conducted

by the elder girl, and accompanied by the younger one, who was her sister, walked for some distance along the top of the hill which formed the crest of the island, and soon came in sight of a little cluster of vacant lodges near the edge of a grove. The elder girl told him that he might take any one of the lodges that he preferred; but just as he chose a certain one, and was about to enter it, she hurriedly dragged him away, exclaiming, "No, no, not there; not there!" "Why not?" asked Panigwun. "Oh, never mind, don't ask me!" replied the girl. "Well, it is all the same to me which I take," said Panigwun; "so if you had rather that I should not take that, I will take this." But again the girl hurriedly dragged him away from the door of the lodge which he had chosen, begging him not to take it. "Well," said Panigwun, "I will go wherever you please; *you* may choose a lodge for me; but now I am determined to know why you did not let me take either of the two lodges which *I* chose." The girl looked in a frightened way over her shoulder, and said quickly, "Take the lodge opposite." "I will," said Panigwun; "but *why not the others?*" The girl again glanced in a frightened way over her shoulder, and then turning towards him, whispered: "Because those who last occupied them never returned from their first excursion in the canoe." Without waiting to see what effect

her communication would have upon Panigwun, she fled through an opening in the bushes, calling to her sister to follow.

Hardly had Panigwun been left to himself, when he threw himself upon the ground, and began to bewail, not his own unhappy fate, but that of his poor little brother, left alone on the shore of the lake. Night came on, and midnight approached, and still he lay on the ground, bewailing the loss of his poor little brother.

"O little brother," he cried aloud; "did you not see that I was carried away against my will, or do you perhaps think that I, as well as father and mother, have deserted you! O little brother, do not think that; I would die for you, indeed, indeed I would!"

Panigwun had scarcely uttered these words, in a heart-rending tone of voice, when he heard himself gently called, and by the starlight saw a slight female figure standing in the doorway of the lodge. Rising, he advanced towards the figure, which retired through the doorway, and stood motionless outside. Panigwun saw, then, that it was the elder of the two captive girls. "Hist!" said she, placing her forefinger on her lips; "a voice above a whisper rouses Mishosha from his sleep. A whisper does not wake him, for the leaves of the Forest talk in whispers. He sleeps.

The magic boat lies at the foot of the rocks where you landed. Enter it, and striking it on the side, pronounce the words CHEMAUN POLL, and it will bear you whither you will. Relieve your brother's wants, but return as soon as you can, or I shall be lost for trying to aid you." The young girl pointed to two earthen jars at her feet, and waving her hand in sign of encouragement and farewell, disappeared through the opening in the bushes through which she had passed before.

Panigwun, taking the jars under his arms, walked rapidly to the foot of the rocks, and entering the canoe, struck it on the side, pronounced the words CHEMAUN POLL, and willed himself at the beach where he had left his little brother. At once the canoe swept rapidly away, the island sank from sight, and the beach rose into view. The canoe gently came to land, and Panigwun stepped out, and walked to the place where he had last seen his brother. The little boy was not there; but a few paces farther back from shore, close against a bluff, he was found lying, coiled up, asleep. Panigwun, without arousing him, entered the Forest, and cut six straight little saplings. Four of them he pointed, and thrust, in the form of a square, into the ground about the spot on which his brother lay. He then split their tops, and placed crosswise, in the clefts, the

two other saplings, properly trimmed for the purpose. Returning to the Forest, he cut some underbrush and dry fern, and carrying two or three armfuls of them to the spot where his brother lay, spread them on the top of the little framework of saplings, making a thick roof, to which he gave a sharp slant by thrusting farther into the ground two of the upright saplings.

Whatever temptation Panigwun may have felt to waken his brother, and with him fly into the Wilderness, it lasted but a moment. He shrank at once from putting in peril the pretty little maiden who had so generously come to his assistance. He did not falter, but, after accomplishing the task for which he had come, and which occupied him only a few minutes, he gently deposited, close to his brother, under the shelter, the jars of food with which he had been provided, and stooping and tenderly kissing him, walked to the beach, and getting into the canoe, slapped it on the side, pronouncing, as before, the magic words, *CHEMAUN POLL*. Instantly, as before, the canoe swept rapidly away, the beach sank to his sight, and the lofty island of Mishosha rose into view. The canoe came to shore, and Panigwun, landing, left it as he had found it, and walked quickly to his lodge, which he reached just in time to escape a coming storm, for the sky was black with thunder-

clouds. As he approached the door of the lodge, he saw a girlish form flit by, and make a sign, as though to ask whether all were well. Panigwun replying by a sign to her, the figure vanished through the opening in the bushes.

Panigwun had thrown himself down to rest, and his eyes were beginning to close heavily with sleep, when he was awakened by a rustle, and saw by the dim light a man standing in the doorway. A flash of lightning played for an instant through the sky, and revealed the face and figure of Mishosha. By that flash, although of but an instant, Panigwun perceived that a fearful change was wrought in the old Magician. The usual sneer had left his face, and his expression seemed wild with terror. "Panigwun," said a voice which he could hardly recognize as that of the Magician, "Panigwun, ah! this is a fearful night! The Storm King, more powerful than I, rides abroad! Ah, there comes the lightning! and there—hark! the thunder, the Storm King's voice! What was I going to say? Ah, yes—I had a frightful dream just now. But, tell me—was I not kind to you to-day? What I did was jest—ha, ha! You shall have your brother. I took you but in jest! What was I going to say? Oh, yes—I dreamt—I dreamt—oh that lightning! I dreamt, I say,—in my sleep I always hear the whispering of the Forest

leaves;—I do not mind it; I rather like it; I know that what they have to say is harmless, and they lull me to a deeper rest. The Forest leaves, I say, were gently whispering to each other, and I dreamt, I dreamt that you had risen, and going to the shore, had taken my canoe, and left me here forever. I struggled to rouse myself, but in my dream, from which I could not rouse, I heard above the whispering of the leaves, a giant Oak in his dying agony, buffet the air, toss his arms aloft, and with one deep groan, fall dead in the Forest. Then I awoke, and looked without. The rack was scudding through the sky, but lower down, the great massed thunder-clouds sent each to each forked lightnings that seemed all moving onward intent on me. I fled hither to have the solace of your company before the storm should burst, and to prove my dream untrue. I *knew* it could not be—you must have seen I took you but in jest. With to-morrow's dawn we will go to the mainland and bring hither your little brother. I am not a bad man—ah me, that lightning! What said I?—I mean I am not worse than some. See, see, hark!—oh I shall die!”

At this moment the storm burst in fury over the lodge, and the wretched Mishosha, who, during his discourse, had gradually entered, threw himself

cowering on the ground, quivering in every limb, and chattering with terror. The lurid lightning-flashes, and the violent thunder-peals, followed each other in such quick succession, that the interior of the lodge was bright as day, and the ground trembled as in an earthquake.

Panigwun, leaning on his elbow, and resting his head on the palm of his hand, had quietly listened to and as calmly regarded the old Magician. He still remained in the same attitude, calmly regarding his prostrate foe, who, in his abject terror, lay in a heap, with his hands clapped over his eyes and ears, to exclude the brightness of the lightning and the roar of the thunder. If any feeling of exultation entered his mind, it was not derived from the triumph of revenge, but from the hope that all could not be lost if he had to deal with such a craven.

The storm proved as short-lived as violent; the flashes of lightning became less and less frequent and brilliant; and the roar of the thunder rolled fitfully away into the distance. Mishosha looked up, assumed a sitting posture, and listened attentively. Having almost satisfied himself that the storm was over, he rose and walked to the door of the lodge, and glanced at the heavens. The Moon was beginning to shed a mild radiance from behind the quickly flying and dispersing clouds. In a few minutes the sky became

as serene and bright as though it had never known a cloud, and the Moon beamed with a silvery flood of light upon the island and the lake. Mishosha, instead of returning to the lodge, put his head through the doorway, and Panigwun could see that the old sneer had returned to his face. "Were you frightened," said the old voice, that had departed for a while—"I love a jest! It was all a jest—dream and all! Let me catch you at my canoe! Ha, ha, ha!—all a jest!—we will go for your brother when we have nothing better to do!" Panigwun could hear the old wretch walking away, laughing and speaking so that the sound should reach his ears, "Ha, ha, ha!—only a jest. I wanted to frighten him!—ha, ha, ha!"

Next morning, Mishosha said rudely to the boy: "I am going to an island to get gulls' eggs. You will go with me."

In Panigwun's memory still dwelt what the little maiden had exclaimed on the previous evening, when by Mishosha's orders she had accompanied him to let him choose a lodge for his dwelling. Although he had seen her again, late at night, the affair that he then had in hand was too pressing to allow him to ask her to be more explicit, and Mishosha now evidently watched them with the intention of preventing them from holding communication

with each other. Panigwun therefore revolved in his mind, to no very definite purpose, what had been said to him by the little maiden. What was clear, however, was that it was a matter of life and death to venture with Mishosha on an expedition in the canoe. The boy, however, after having reached this conclusion, determined that, as heretofore, come weal come woe, he would bear himself as became a brave lad. So, instead of replying as Mishosha had expected, he turned upon him with unexpected hardihood, and said: "And will you not also fulfil your promise to take me to the beach for my little brother?" Mishosha laughed his hard, cruel laugh, as he replied: "I told you it was all a jest—dream and all. My real promise is to take you when we have nothing better to do, and we have something better to-day."

The Magician and the boy entered the magic canoe, which as usual received a slap on the side, accompanied by the words CHEMAUN POLL, and down Mishosha's island sank, and the other island rose to view. The hillsides of the island to which they went were so covered with gulls' nests filled with eggs, that, a little way off, they looked as though they had been sprinkled with glossy pebbles. "Go ashore, my son," said Mishosha to Panigwun, bringing the canoe's bow to land, "and gather as many eggs as you can carry." Panigwun unsuspectingly stepped

out of the canoe, but no sooner had he done so, than Mishosha, shoving it off from shore, shouted in a loud voice to the thousands of gulls dotting the island and the waters around about, "Long have I purposed making you an offering: seize and devour the victim." He slapped the canoe, and in an instant disappeared.

The birds rose in a cloud over Panigwun, and hovering there for a moment, were about to swoop upon him, when he seized one that was in advance, killed it with a stroke of his knife, and hanging it on his breast, and flourishing his knife aloft, cried out, "Thus will I serve all that dare approach. Man is the lord of the brute creation: ye are his slaves. Come hither, lend me your wings, and bear me whence I came."

The cloud of birds settled gently on the ground, and rising, bore Panigwun to the Magician's island. Mishosha, who did not see his arrival, and was far enough from expecting his return, was astounded at seeing him, but remained silent, muttering to himself: "Next time you shall not escape me." Accordingly, on the following day, he said to the boy: "To-day I am going to take you to an island covered all over with precious stones, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and every other sort, of which you can gather as many as you please. Yesterday you were unlucky: I did

not miss you from the canoe until I returned ; but just as I was about to start back for you, you came and saved me the trouble of going. To-day I shall be on my guard against any mistake of the kind." Panigwun deigned no other reply than, "Will you not also take me to my poor little brother, as you promised." "Oh yes!" said Mishosha; "when we have nothing better to do, and we have something better to-day."

They soon landed at the island of which Mishosha had spoken, and which, as he had truly said, was covered with precious stones. It fairly sparkled with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, opals, sapphires, and every other sort of gem. "Go ashore, my son," said Mishosha, "and take the biggest load of precious stones that you can carry. This time I will be sure not to be absent-minded and leave you."

Panigwun had not the slightest faith in the word of the old Magician, but relying on the Guardian Spirit that had so long watched over and protected him, boldly stepped ashore. The island on which he found himself was a long narrow ledge of rock rising to a ridge, and he had much ado to keep his footing on the steep and slippery sides. However, he at last succeeded in getting a good foothold, and after giving one glance at the canoe, set to work to

fill his pockets with all the precious gems within reach. The treacherous Mishosha waited until he saw the boy thus planted, with his legs far apart, and barely able to maintain his position on the steep and slippery ledge, when he shoved the canoe from shore, and cried in a loud voice: "Rise, King of the Fishes. To you I have long wished to make an offering: accept the victim." Thus saying he slapped the canoe, pronouncing the magic words, and swept on the instant out of sight.

A huge Pike, with a head a quarter of the length of its body, and with frightful rows of saw-like teeth, rose to the surface of the lake, swam towards shore, and thrust its snout up on the rocky ledge on one side of Panigwun, casting a sidelong glance at him, as at a tidbit which it gave him satisfaction to look at before swallowing. But Panigwun, nothing daunted at this appalling sight, turned around, and settling himself firmly in the reverse position to that which he had occupied, drew his knife, and giving a glance of defiance at the Pike, said with determination: "Man is the lord of the brute creation: ye are his slaves. Come hither and take me on your back and transport me whence I came." The Pike withdrew its head from the ledge, and swam to Panigwun, who stepped lightly

upon its back, and in a few minutes was transported to the island of Mishosha.

Mishosha, who did not see Panigwun land, and who was just as far as before from expecting his return, was if possible even more astounded than before at seeing him, but, as before, he remained silent, muttering to himself: "Next time you *cannot* escape me." On the following morning he coolly said to Panigwun: "So, I forgot you again, did I?—Ah, well, you see I am getting old and losing my memory. It shall not happen to-day: this morning we will go to an island where I know there is an Eagle's nest, and we will capture the young birds." Panigwun saw perfectly well that Mishosha knew that *he* knew his treachery, so he replied at once, abruptly, without trying in the least to disguise the scorn that he felt: "Will you not go for my brother, this morning?" Mishosha, in his turn throwing off all disguise, laughed that hard, cruel laugh of his, and then sneered out—"No!"

This time, on landing, Mishosha also landed. He led the way to the centre of the island, which was covered with a growth of tall pines, amidst which grew a pine that overtopped all the rest. As soon as they had reached this very tall pine, on which was an Eagle's nest, Mishosha said to Panigwun, "Climb the tree and toss the Eaglets out of the nest,

and I will catch them when they reach the ground." Panigwun, knowing that it would be folly to attempt to disobey, commended himself to the care of his Guardian Spirit, and clasping the tree vigorously, climbed the trunk and disappeared among the branches. He had come within a few feet of the nest, and he could see the heads of the fledglings, when he heard Mishosha shout: "Rise, Pine; stretch upward to the skies. Come, ye Eagles, ye thunder-gods; I owe you an offering; bury your talons in this rash boy and tear him to pieces for your young." So saying he retreated towards the canoe.

Instantly Panigwun felt the pine shoot upward under his feet. To his astonished sight the vault of heaven grew like indigo, and the earth paled to a sickly green. The pine was drawing out like a huge telescope, stretching higher and higher skyward. The Eagles from their eyrie, and from neighboring ones, soared threateningly around, ready to swoop upon and tear him to pieces. But the brave boy, throwing his left arm around a branch, drew with his right hand his knife, and with a single blow beheaded the most daring Eagle. "Man," cried he, "is the lord of the brute creation: ye are his slaves. The brave respect the brave: for both reasons, I am your master. Come hither and lend me your wings to transport me whence I came."

The Eagles swooping, gently raised Panigwun into the air, and bore him to the island of Mishosha. As they passed over the lake, Panigwun, looking downward, saw the old Magician asleep in his canoe on the broad expanse of waters.

Mishosha was more astounded than ever, when, on reaching the island, he found Panigwun there and unhurt. The crafty old man now began to suspect what was the truth, that Panigwun was under the protection of some powerful Spirit, and he determined all the more to destroy him. With this savage purpose still in view, he said to Panigwun, the next morning, that they would go a-hunting on one of the neighboring islands. Panigwun, as usual, said that he should like to go and get his brother, and Mishosha answered shortly, "No."

They landed on the island where they were to hunt, and set about making a lodge to protect themselves from the weather while they stayed there. They finished the lodge by nightfall, and then went to rest. Panigwun, fatigued with his exertions, soon fell fast asleep before the fire. Then the crafty old man, taking one of Panigwun's leggings and one of his moccasins, which were hung up to dry, threw them into the fire. Then, after causing a deep snow to fall all over the island, he quietly went to sleep. When Panigwun, feeling chilled to the bone, awoke early

in the morning, and looked outdoors, and saw that snow had fallen during the night, he groped around for his leggings and moccasins. Just at this moment the old Magician awoke, and, seeing what Panigwun was about, said, "What are you doing? Are you looking for your other legging and moccasin? Ah, I'm afraid that they are lost! This is the month during which fire attracts, and I'm afraid they've been drawn into the fire."

Panigwun, of course, knew perfectly well that the old man had played him false again, but he dissembled, and having put on his remaining moccasin and legging, sat down in front of the fire, and drawing his hood over his head and face, thus communed with himself: "The cruel old wretch intends to freeze me to death on the long hunt, but surely I should not have been protected thus far, to be deserted now. I will have faith in the Spirit that has heretofore guided me." In a few minutes he threw off his hood, and stooping over the fire, took up a brand, one end of which had been burned to charcoal, and with it blackened himself where his legging and moccasin should have protected him.

As soon as the Sun had fairly risen, Mishosha was on foot and proposing that the hunt should begin. Panigwun did not show the least reluctance, but suffered himself to be led all day, over hill and

dale, midleg deep in snow. Towards evening, Mishosha, despairing of benumbing him with cold, and leaving him to perish in the snow, returned to the lodge. Getting aboard the canoe, they at once reached the Magician's island, where Mishosha, without saying a word, sullenly retired to his lodge.

Panigwun, emboldened by his numerous successes in thwarting the old Magician, especially by the last one, now determined that, as his life had been so often attempted, he would attempt that of Mishosha. He might thus be able to rescue his brother, and rid the world of a hateful monster. Accordingly, on the very next day, he said to Mishosha: "I have willingly followed you on every expedition, and you have constantly promised me that you would take me to see my little brother. You must refuse me no longer; I want to bring him over to our island, or else he will perish." Mishosha hesitated for a moment, and then, reflecting that, by granting Panigwun's request, he might regain his confidence, replied that he would go with pleasure.

Great was his astonishment, on landing at the beach, at seeing that the little boy had a shelter of boughs, and that scraps of food lay around. Panigwun, affectionately greeting his brother, whispered something in his ear, and stepped with him into the

canoe, and before Mishosha suspected his design, slapped it on the side, and, saying CHEMAUN POLL, was borne away to the Magician's island, leaving Mishosha behind.

When he reached the island and told the young girls what he had done, the elder dismayed him by informing him that he was by no means safe, for the canoe would not submit to be fastened, and so great was its master's power over it, that were he miles away, as he was, all he had to do was to pronounce the magic words CHEMAUN POLL, and will it to come to him, and it would obey. So Panigwun, not seeing what else to do, sat on the edge of the rocks on shore, holding fast the bow of the canoe. Night coming on, and sleep finally overpowering him, his hold relaxed and slipped, and the canoe disappeared in the direction of the mainland. Panigwun awoke only to see the scowling face of the Magician, who stood on the rocks beside him, and said—"Begone."

This trick of Panigwun's gave Mishosha a wholesome fear of him; but he dissembled, and when, a few days afterward, Panigwun, again taking the lead, said: "Our last hunt pleased me so much that I know you will not refuse to take me on another," the old man consented, thinking to himself, "Panigwun has some other plot, but now surely I shall

manage to destroy this presumptuous lad, who has foiled me so often." They went to the island on which they had hunted before, and took up their quarters in the lodge, which was still standing. - At night Panigwun was too wary to take off his moccasins and leggings, but pulling his hood over his head and face, feigned sleep, and waited until he heard the Magician snore. He then took both of the Magician's moccasins and leggings and threw them into the blaze, where they were immediately burnt to ashes. Pulling his hood again over his head and face, he besought the Spirit that protected him, to cause a heavy fall of snow, twice as deep as the one in which his life had come so near being lost.

By sunrise the old Magician woke up, quaking with cold, and, glancing outdoors, saw the snow, and began to grope around for his moccasins and leggings. Not finding them, he glanced suspiciously at Panigwun, who was watching him. Panigwun, seeing the meaning of the glance, said carelessly, "This is the month, you know, in which fire attracts, and your moccasins and leggings have been drawn into it." Mishosha now trembled and quaked with fear; but being furious, and also confident in his magic powers, he started on the hunt, hoping that something would occur to enable him to wreak vengeance on Panigwun. Carried away by his fury,

he followed the boy far from shore, but all of a sudden felt that he had gone too far to retreat. Terror-stricken, he turned to retrace his steps. It was too late; he plunged deeper and deeper into the snow, and felt himself growing more and more benumbed with cold. An icy chill crept steadily up from his feet into his legs, from his legs into his body, from his body into the crown of his head, where he thought he could feel the hair bristling. Onward he staggered, onward towards shore; but just as he reached it, he floundered into a deep hole full of snow. Unable to get out, his body swayed to and fro, and his arms tossed wildly about. Another icy chill stole up from his feet into his legs, from his legs into his body, from his body into the crown of his head, and his hair seemed like icicles. In an instant the human life departed; the plumes on his brow spread into branches; his body became a rugged trunk of bark; his feet and toes plunged in roots and rootlets through the soil; and what had been Mishosha, became a tall dark Sycamore bent over the waters of the lake.

Panigwun leaped into the magic canoe and regained the island. There, for many, many years, he and his brother and the two young girls dwelt without being molested. Possessed of the magic canoe, the boys could pass in an instant to any part of the shores of the great lake, or of its islands, and shoot

deer and gather eggs for the subsistence of all. They by chance soon afterward heard of their long-lost father, and learned his pitiful story, and having sought for and found him, contrived by their devotion to soothe his declining years. Time passed, and they married the two little maidens, and reared two happy families, which, with their father, they eventually transported to the mainland. There, forming a settlement, they gathered around them a powerful tribe, of which Panigwun, by right of the power that he possessed through the magic canoe, as well as by right of his goodness and prowess, became the revered Chief, to whom the people looked up as to a superior being.





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